

BLADE RUNNER

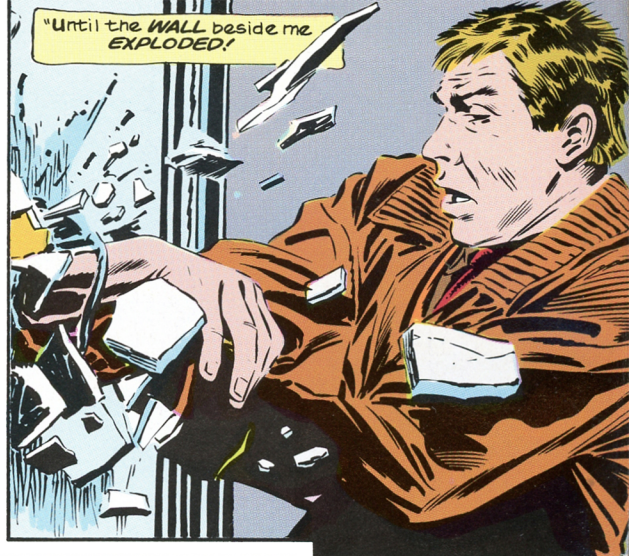
THE OFFICIAL ADAPTATION
OF THE NEW SCIENCE
FICTION THRILLER
starring **HARRISON
FORD!**





I WANT YOU.

I...WANT YOU.

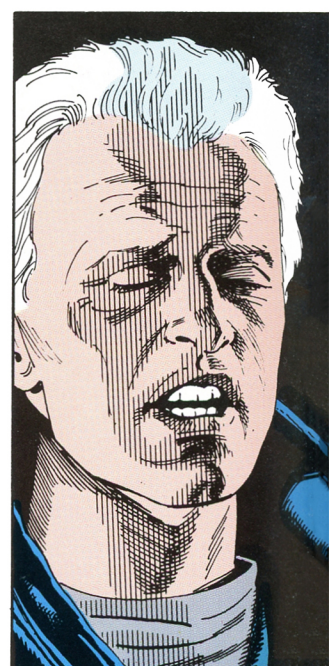


"Until the WALL beside me EXPLODED!"



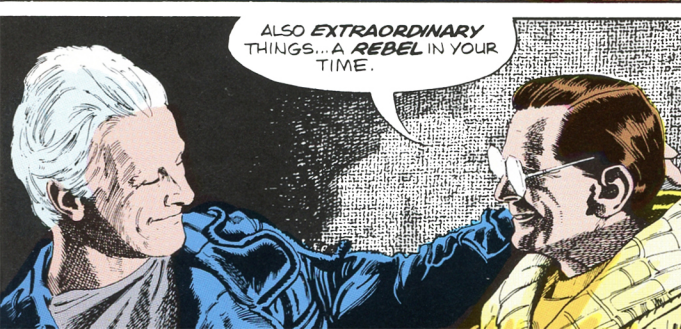
THAT'S HOW IT IS TO BE A **SLAVE**. THE FUTURE'S SEALED OFF. YOU GROVEL. YOU WAIT.

REPRODUCTION. SECURITY. THE SIMPLE THINGS...AN' NO WAY TO **SATISFY** THEM. TO BE HOMESICK...WITH NO PLACE TO GO.' LOTS OF LITTLE **OVERSIGHTS** IN THE NEXUS SIX.'



"The car was too low. I leaped again...onto a **BUS**. Zhora was almost to a subway entrance..."

BA-VOW!



ALSO **EXTRAORDINARY** THINGS...A **REBEL** IN YOUR TIME.



STAN LEE PRESENTS A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL

Adapted by ARCHIE GOODWIN
Penciled by AL WILLIAMSON and CARLOS GARZON,
Inked by AL WILLIAMSON,
DAN GREEN and RALPH REESE
Colored by MARIE SEVERIN Lettered by ED KING
Edited by JIM SALICRUP
Assistant Editor LANCE TOOKS
Production Manager DAN CRESPI
Cover by JIM STERANKO
Editor-in-Chief JIM SHOOTER

The Official Comics Adaptation of

BLADE RUNNER™

JERRY PERENCHIO AND BUD YORKIN PRESENT
A MICHAEL DEELEY-RIDLEY SCOTT PRODUCTION

STARRING HARRISON FORD

IN BLADE RUNNER WITH RUTGER HAUER SEAN YOUNG

EDWARD JAMES OLMO SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER AND DAVID PEOPLES

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KELLY AND HAMPTON FANCHER VISUAL EFFECTS BY DOUGLAS TRUMBULL

ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY VANGELIS ASSOCIATE PRODUCER IVOR POWELL DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JORDAN CRONENWETH

PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON POLYDOR RECORDS

PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR® DOLBY STEREO™ IN SELECTED THEATRES



A LADD COMPANY RELEASE IN ASSOCIATION WITH SIR RUN RUN SHAW

THRU WARNER BROS. A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

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android

(an'droid) *adj.* Possessing human features. *-n.* A synthetic man created from biological materials. Also called humanoid. [Late Greek *androeides*, manlike: ANDR(O)- + -OID.]

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE
DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE (1976)

android

(an'droid) *n.* Gk. Humanoid automaton. More at ROBOT./
1. Early version utilized for work too boring, dangerous or unpleasant for humans. 2. Second generation bio-engineered. Electronic relay units and positronic brains. Used in space to explore inhospitable environments. 3. Third generation synthogenetic. See REPLICANT.

REPLICANT

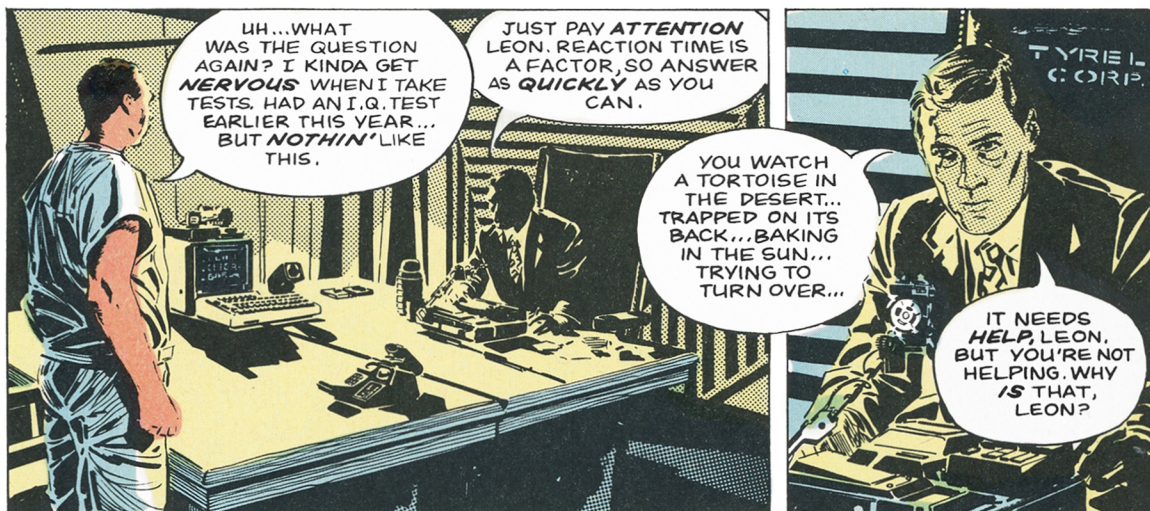
(rep'li-cant) *n.* Humanoid automaton constructed of skin/flesh culture. Selected enogenic transfer conversion. Capable of self-perpetuating thought. Paraphysical abilities. Developed for emigration program.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY
New International (2012)

THE CITY IS VAST. ITS LEVELS DEEP. ITS TOWERS ARE TALL; MONUMENTS OF STONE AND GLASS THRUSTING OUT OF PERPETUAL SMOG AND MIST RIVALED ONLY BY EXPLODING PLUMES OF INDUSTRIAL FIRE.

AND FEW TOWERS STAND TALLER OR LOOM MORE MONUMENTALLY THAN THE MASSIVE PYRAMID WHICH HOUSES THE TYRELL CORPORATION.





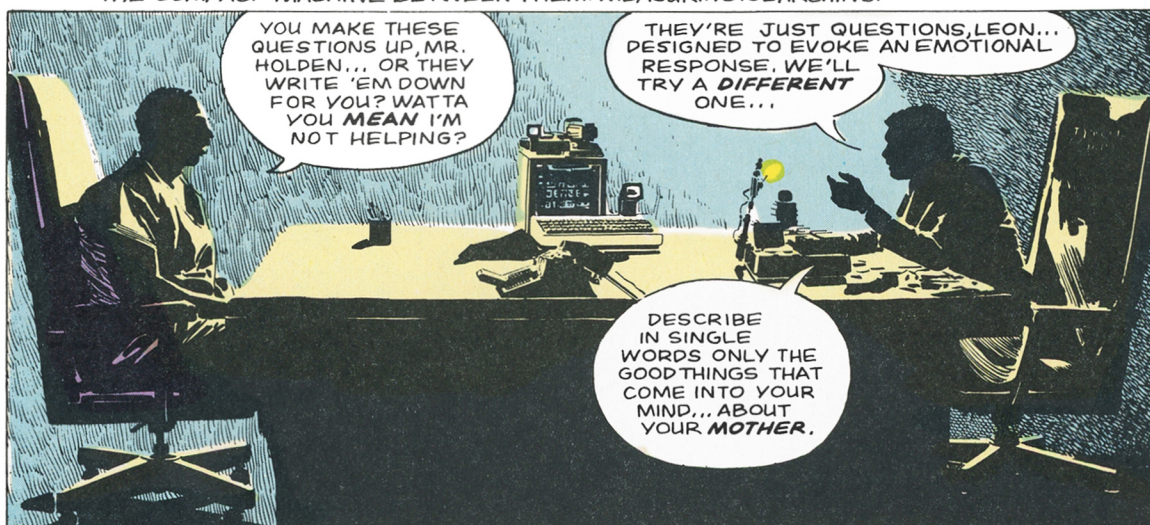
UH...WHAT WAS THE QUESTION AGAIN? I KINDA GET **NERVOUS** WHEN I TAKE TESTS. HAD AN I.Q. TEST EARLIER THIS YEAR... BUT **NOTHIN'** LIKE THIS.

JUST PAY **ATTENTION** LEON. REACTION TIME IS A FACTOR, SO ANSWER AS **QUICKLY** AS YOU CAN.

YOU WATCH A TORTOISE IN THE DESERT... TRAPPED ON ITS BACK...BAKING IN THE SUN... TRYING TO TURN OVER...

IT NEEDS **HELP**, LEON. BUT YOU'RE NOT HELPING. WHY **IS** THAT, LEON?

THE ROOM IS LARGE AND HUMID. SINCE TAKING HIS PLACE THERE, THE BIG MAN IN THE WORK CLOTHES HAS GROWN INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE. AGITATED. HIS INTERROGATOR COOLY STUDIES THE DIALS ON THE COMPACT MACHINE BETWEEN THEM. MEASURING. SEARCHING.



YOU MAKE THESE QUESTIONS UP, MR. HOLDEN... OR THEY WRITE 'EM DOWN FOR YOU? WATTA YOU **MEAN** I'M NOT HELPING?

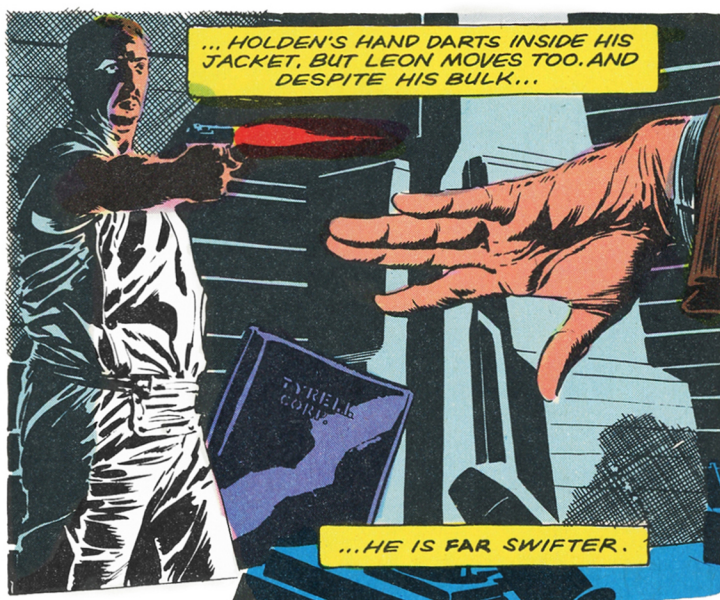
THEY'RE JUST QUESTIONS, LEON... DESIGNED TO EVOKE AN EMOTIONAL RESPONSE. WE'LL TRY A **DIFFERENT** ONE...

DESCRIBE IN SINGLE WORDS ONLY THE GOOD THINGS THAT COME INTO YOUR MIND... ABOUT YOUR **MOTHER**.



MY... MY...

AGITATION BECOMES SHOCK. RAGE. ACROSS THE DESK...



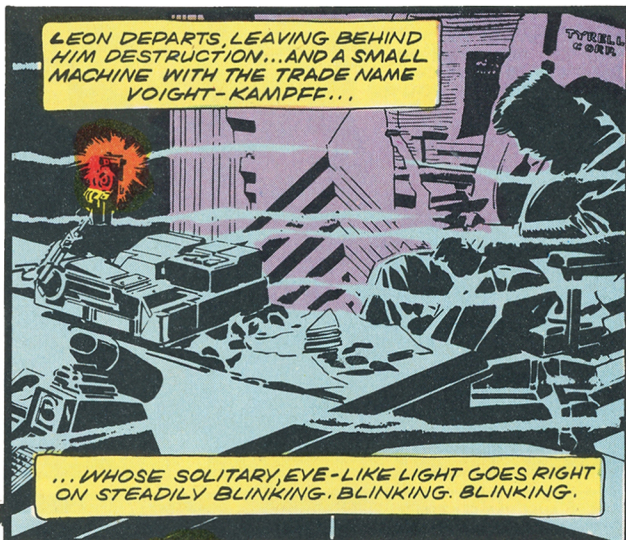
... HOLDEN'S HAND DARTS INSIDE HIS JACKET, BUT LEON MOVES TOO. AND DESPITE HIS BULK...

...HE IS FAR SWIFTER.



THE BIG MAN MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR, THEN STOPS, AND WITH A LITTLE SMILE OF SATISFACTION...

...TURNS AND FIRES AGAIN.



LEON DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND HIM DESTRUCTION...AND A SMALL MACHINE WITH THE TRADE NAME VOIGHT-KAMPEFF...

...WHOSE SOLITARY, EYE-LIKE LIGHT GOES RIGHT ON STEADILY BLINKING. BLINKING. BLINKING.



That's how it ended for Holden. It began for me on the streets with the usual rain, the usual crowds. And the loudspeaker blare of a recruiting blimp somewhere above.

SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL! FAMILY MAKERS! WE NEED YOU! THE DOMINGUEZ-SHIMATA COLONY NEEDS YOU!

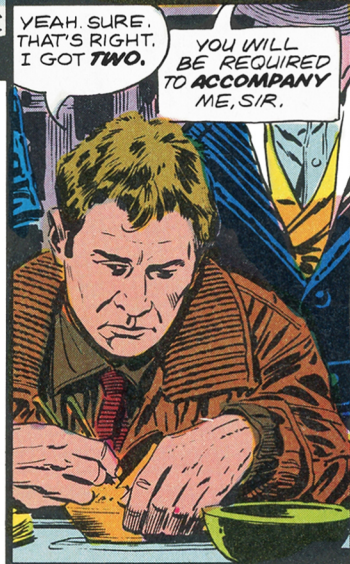
GIVE YOURSELF A BRAND NEW WORLD! IF YOU MEET HEALTH AND EXPERIENCE QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFWORLD EMIGRATION...WE NEED YOU!

Offworld is so great...How come they gotta advertise? Still, it gives people a **CHOICE**. Sometimes you don't have any at all.



I ORDERED **FOUR** PIECES OF FISH YOU OLD NOODLE HUSTLER YOU ONLY GAVE ME **TWO! TWO!**

THAT RIGHT, THAT RIGHT, DECKARD. YOU GOT **TWO.**



YEAH. SURE. THAT'S RIGHT. I GOT **TWO.**

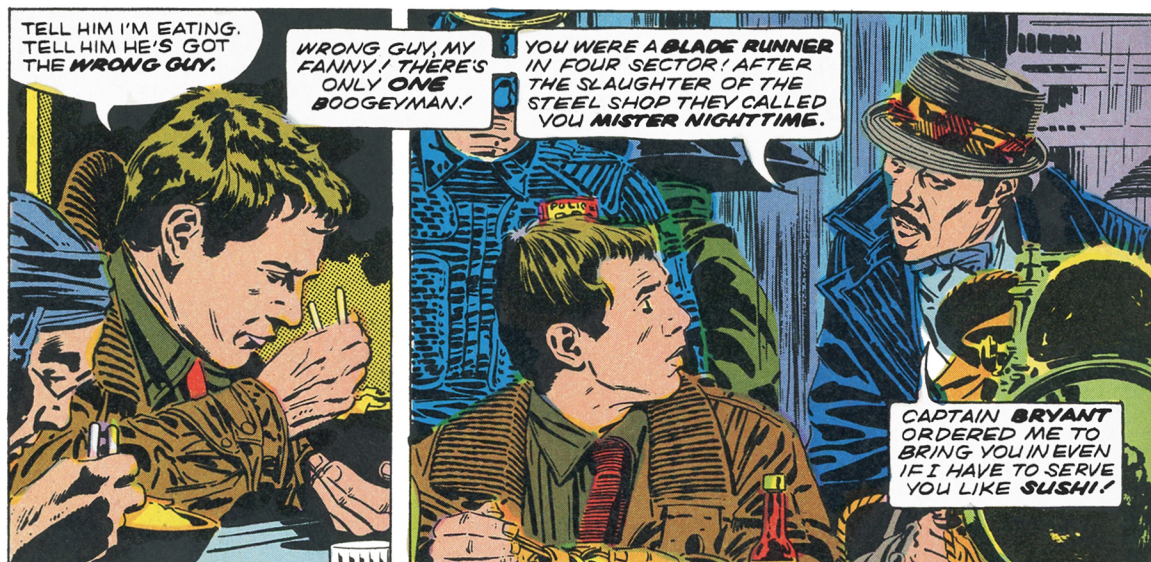
YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO **ACCOMPANY** ME, SIR.



I'M NOT MUCH ON JAPANESE OR CITYSPEAK OR **WHATEVER** YOU'RE USING, PAL. YOU WANT A SEAT... WAIT YOUR TURN.

THIS IS AN **OFFICIAL** REQUEST TO DEFY CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY IS TO **FLAUNT** THE PUBLIC GOOD.

HE SAY YOU GO WITH HIM, DECKARD... YOU UNDER **ARREST!**



TELL HIM I'M EATING. TELL HIM HE'S GOT THE **WRONG GUY**.

WRONG GUY, MY FANNY! THERE'S ONLY **ONE** BOOGEYMAN!

YOU WERE A **BLADE RUNNER** IN FOUR SECTOR! AFTER THE SLAUGHTER OF THE STEEL SHOP THEY CALLED YOU **MISTER NIGHTTIME**.

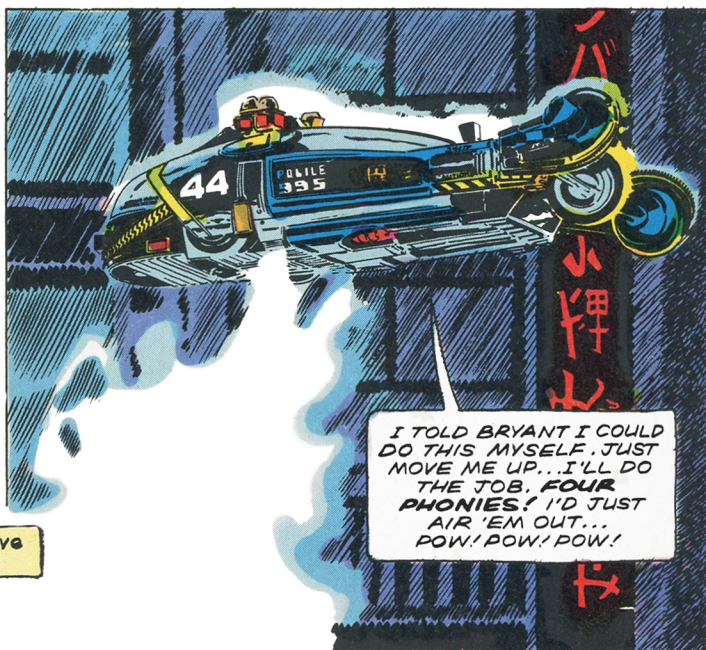
CAPTAIN **BRYANT** ORDERED ME TO BRING YOU IN EVEN IF I HAVE TO **SERVE** YOU LIKE **SUSHI!**



HE SAY **BLADE RUNNER**. HE SAY **MISTAH NIGHTTIME**. HE SAY BIG BOSS **BRYANT** SAY "BREAK YOUR BRAIN... MAKE YOU RAW FISH!"

YEAH. I THINK I GOT THAT PART. **BRYANT**, HUH?

Like I said, sometimes you don't have **ANY** choice at all.



I TOLD BRYANT I COULD DO THIS MYSELF. JUST MOVE ME UP... I'LL DO THE JOB. **FOUR PHONIES!** I'D JUST AIR 'EM OUT... **POW! POW! POW!**



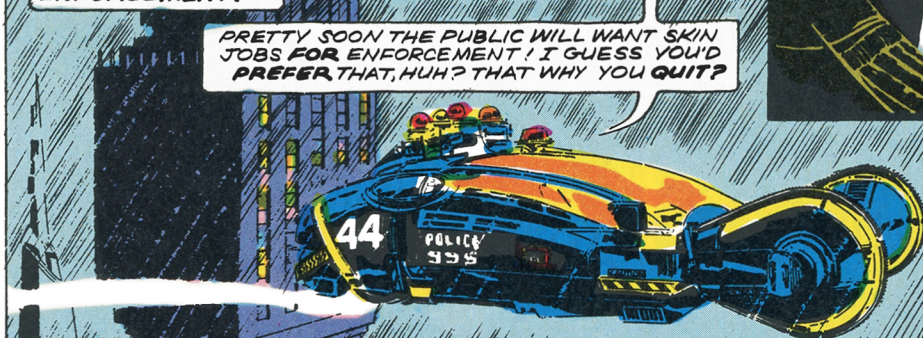
BUT NO...! BRYANT THINKS YOU'RE **HOT STUFF**. SMARTEST SPOTTER...**BADDEST BLADE RUNNER**. WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT TO ME.

YOU DON'T SHAVE...YOU DON'T DRESS WELL..THAT REFLECTS ON THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT.. MAKES US ALL LOOK BAD.



THE **SKIN JOBS** LOOK BETTER THAN YOU, DECKARD! WHAT'S THE POINT OF WIPING 'EM OUT IF **THEY** LOOK BETTER THAN ENFORCEMENT?

PRETTY SOON THE PUBLIC WILL WANT **SKIN JOBS FOR ENFORCEMENT**! I GUESS YOU'D PREFER THAT, HUH? THAT WHY YOU QUIT?



PAL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND A **WORD** YOU'RE SAYING.



EXACTLY! WATTA JERK! IF I WASN'T UP FOR PROMOTION I'D PUT THIS BABY IN A HOT SPIN AND LEAVE YOUR **DINNER** ALL OVER THE GLASS!



I just shrug and keep eating my noodles and fish, watching the city flash by below. Somebody would start speaking my language soon enough... at police headquarters.

NO NEED TO PUT YOURSELF OUT. I THINK I **KNOW** MY WAY FROM HERE.



My friend the clothes horse didn't rise to being baited or even break stride...

"...not until we were in the office of the man who was his boss...and used to be **MINE**."

DON'T **GLARE**, DECK. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME IF I'D JUST **ASKED**... SO I SENT **GAFF** FOR YOU.

GOTTA BUNCH OF **SAYN JOBS** WALKIN' THE STREETS...HIJACKED AN OFFWORLD SHUTTLE TO HERE, KILLED ITS CREW AN' PASSENGERS.

CAPT. H. BRYANT

EMBARRASSING.

HOLDEN'S GOOD. GIVE IT TO HIM.

I DID. HE'S NO GOOD NOW...FOR **ANYTHING**. THIS IS THE WORST **EVER** DECK, I NEED THE OL' **BLADE RUNNER**... I NEED YOUR MAGIC.

"Officially there's two kinds of clowns in this circus: little smart guys with computers; big dumb guys with guns. But when a bureau wants to avoid a politically sticky job or jeopardizing their own men...they bring in somebody from outside. Somebody like **ME**."

I WAS **QUIT** WHEN I WALKED IN HERE, BRYANT... I'M **TWICE** AS QUIT NOW. SEE YA!

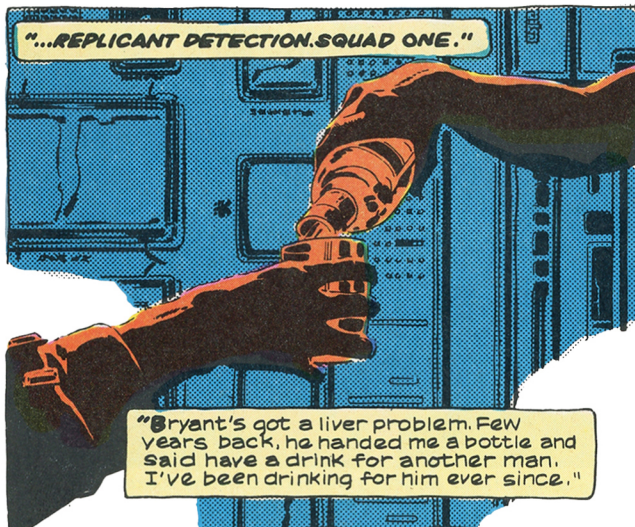
SIT **DOWN**, DECKARD! LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T WALK OUT...AND WHEN YOU'RE NOT A COP, YOU'RE **LITTLE PEOPLE**. YOU KNOW THE SCORE!

"He was right. I knew the score. I'd known it for a long time. I just got confused for a moment and thought I had a **CHOICE** when I didn't."

"At least my new pal, Gaff, kept his mouth shut..."

"Maybe he was too busy just staring, taking it all in. And almost unconsciously twisting a piece of foil into a little sculpture."

"Well, I was gonna be busy too. They couldn't hire me so they **ARRESTED** me. But it came out the same. I was **WORKING** for them again..."



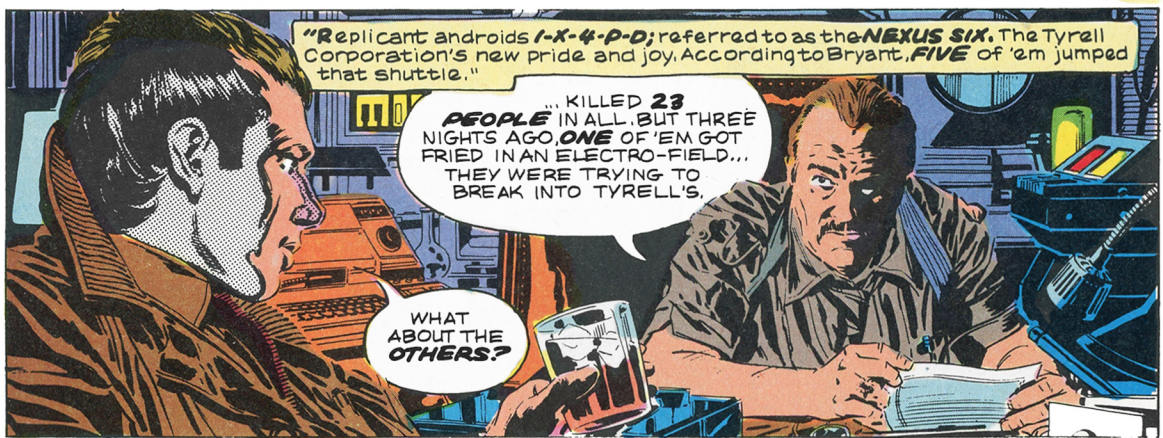
"...REPLICANT DETECTION. SQUAD ONE."

"Bryant's got a liver problem. Few years back, he handed me a bottle and said have a drink for another man. I've been drinking for him ever since."



"And with what was coming over the monitors from the tapes Bryant showed...I definitely **NEEDED** a drink."

"The big incentive to emigrate was still free labor. If the public found out their replicant labor force might **KILL** them...they wouldn't be so keen on offworld colonization."



"Replicant androids **1-X-4-P-D**; referred to as the **NEXUS SIX**. The Tyrell Corporation's new pride and joy. According to Bryant, **FIVE** of 'em jumped that shuttle."

"... **KILLED 23 PEOPLE** IN ALL, BUT THREE NIGHTS AGO, **ONE** OF 'EM GOT FRIED IN AN ELECTRO-FIELD... THEY WERE TRYING TO BREAK INTO TYRELL'S."

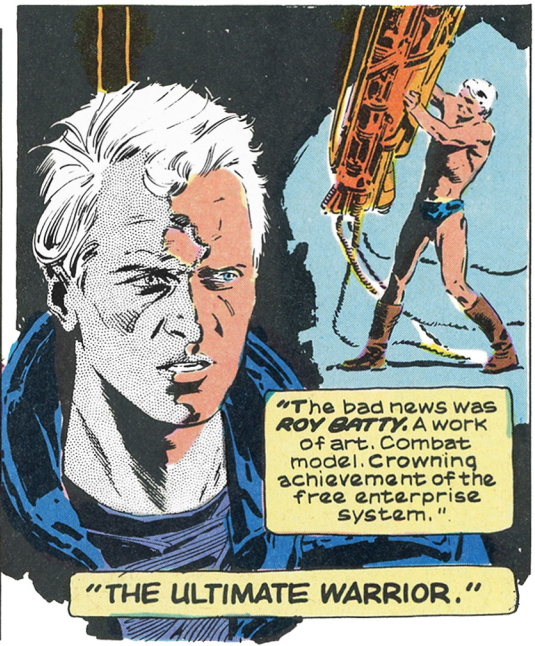
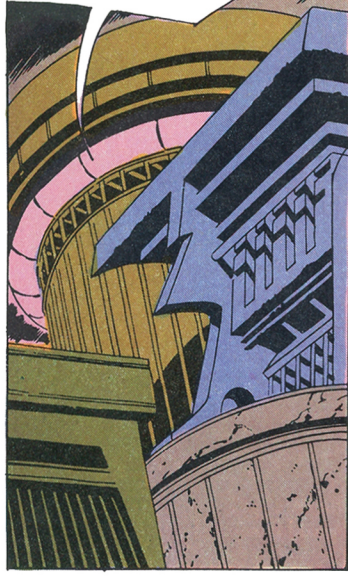
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

LOST 'EM! GOIN' ON THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY MIGHT TRY TO **INFILTRATE** THE CORPORATION AS NEW EMPLOYEES...WE SENT **HOLDEN** TO RUN VOIGHT-KAMPFF TESTS ON NEW WORKERS.



LOOKS LIKE WE WERE **RIGHT** OF COURSE, THAT'S JUST THE **GOOD NEWS...**

"When four skin jobs-- possibly able to fool the Voight-Kampff, judging from what happened to Holden-- still running around loose are **GOOD** news, don't ask what the **BAD** is. Bryant told me anyway..."



"The bad news was **ROY BATTY**. A work of art. Combat model. Crowning achievement of the free enterprise system."

"THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR."

"They used Roy Batty in every offworld conflict in the last three years. He'd flown gypsy ships with the Russians at Tannhäuser Gate and been with the Squadron of Night-Timers in the wars near Jupiter."

"He could handle 1200 degrees farenheit in the Plutonium Furnaces on the Argentine Moons. He'd done deep space probes at 800 below with only a cowboy suit."

AND HE'S PROBABLY THE **LEADER** OF THIS BUNCH YOU'RE AFTER, DECK.

MAYBE TO FIND OUT **WHEN** THEY WERE MADE.

THE NEXUS SIX COPIES HUMAN BEINGS ALMOST PERFECTLY...INSIDE AND OUT. AFTER A FEW YEARS, THE DESIGNERS FIGURE, THEY MAY EVEN DEVELOP THEIR OWN **EMOTIONAL RESPONSE**. HATE. LOVE. ANGER. FEAR.

SO THEY BUILT IN A **FAIL SAFE DEVICE**...THE NEXUS SIX ONLY HAS **FOUR YEARS** TO LIVE!

BUT WHY LEAD THEM BACK TO THE PLACE OF THEIR **MANUFACTURE**...?

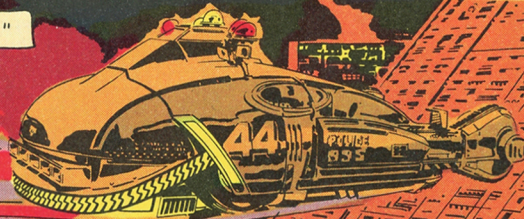
"The **NEXUS THREE** had been too smooth, too human, if you like. I **QUIT** because of it. Retired. Now I'm back on the job and, thanks to the Tyrell Corporation and good ol' supply and demand, we got the **NEXUS SIX**."

"An' I got four of 'em all to **MYSELF**. Two female. Two male. An' best yet...one is **ROY BATTY**, super soldier."

"The pressure was on. With twenty-three people dead, we couldn't sit back and wait for Batty and company to keel over on their own. Too much was at stake. Replicants were big industry..."

"...and **TYRELL** was top of the line."

"Making 'em more human than human was his claim to fame. Now some fanatics were screaming they should have **EQUAL RIGHTS** and the trade unions complained about them taking jobs from **PEOPLE**. But the big boys, the heavy opinion makers, from politicians to theologians, said no matter how **CLOSE** they came..."



"...they were still **OBJECTS**. I was inclined to disagree... otherwise I wouldn't have quit."

LIKE OUR OWL?



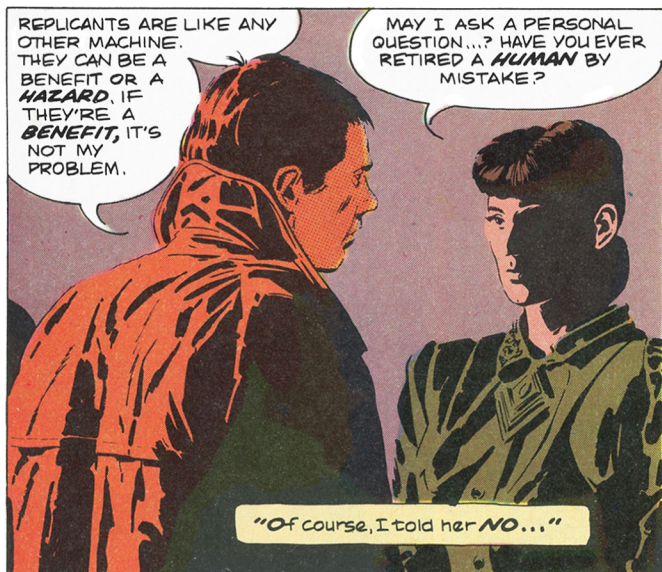
"Why not? In a world where real animals are rarer than a breath of unpolluted air, it was impressive. But then... **EVERYTHING** about the Tyrell Corporation seemed to be..."

WE GATHER YOUR DEPARTMENT DOESN'T BELIEVE OUR **NEW UNIT** IS TO THE PUBLIC BENEFIT.



REPLICANTS ARE LIKE ANY OTHER MACHINE. THEY CAN BE A **BENEFIT** OR A **HAZARD**. IF THEY'RE A **BENEFIT**, IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

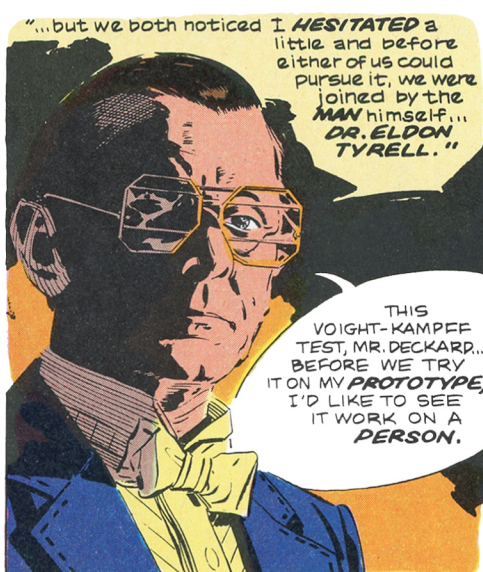
MAY I ASK A PERSONAL QUESTION...? HAVE YOU EVER RETIRED A **HUMAN** BY MISTAKE?



"Of course, I told her **NO**..."

"...but we both noticed I **HESITATED** a little and before either of us could pursue it, we were joined by the **MAN** himself... **DR. ELDON TYRELL**."

THIS VOIGHT-KAMPEF TEST, MR. DECKARD... BEFORE WE TRY IT ON MY **PROTOTYPE**, I'D LIKE TO SEE IT WORK ON A **PERSON**.





WHAT'S
THAT
GONNA
PROVE?

INDULGE ME DECKARD,
I WANT TO SEE A
NEGATIVE BEFORE I
PROVIDE YOU WITH A
POSITIVE.

TRY IT
ON *RACHEL*
HERE.

"We darkened the place I set up. Basically, the Voight-Kampff's an empathy test. Blush response, involuntary dilation of the iris, that kinda thing."

"And I'm supposed to be the *BEST* at askin' the right questions to trigger the right responses..."



"Only I had no instinct on her...no magic. I couldn't believe what I was reading."



"This lady, Rachel, gave me cold chills."

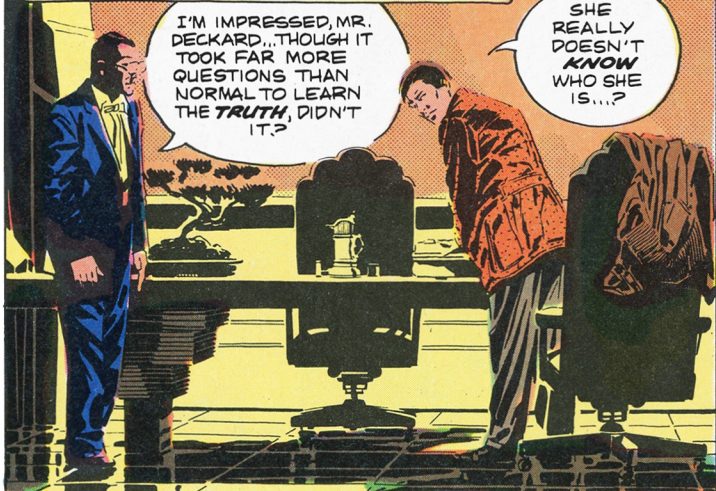


"And after more than a *HUNDRED* questions..."

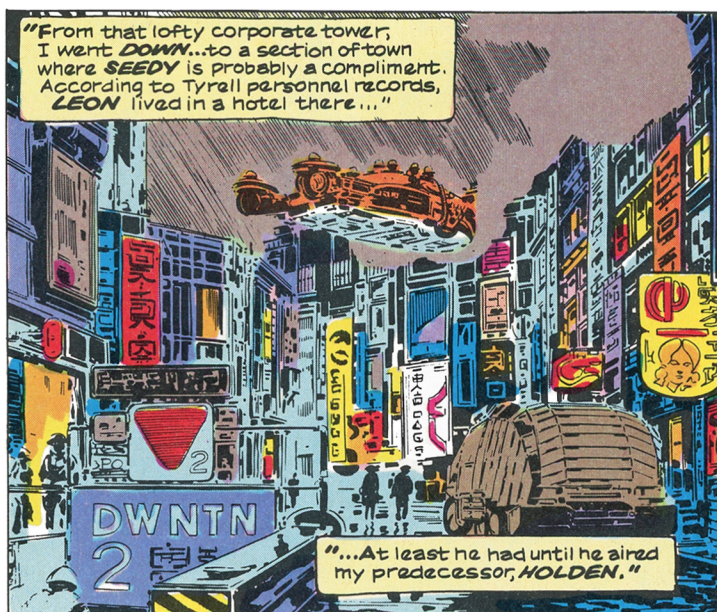
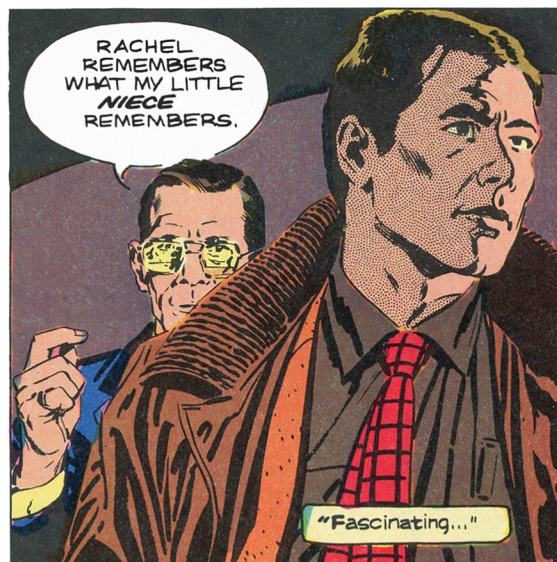
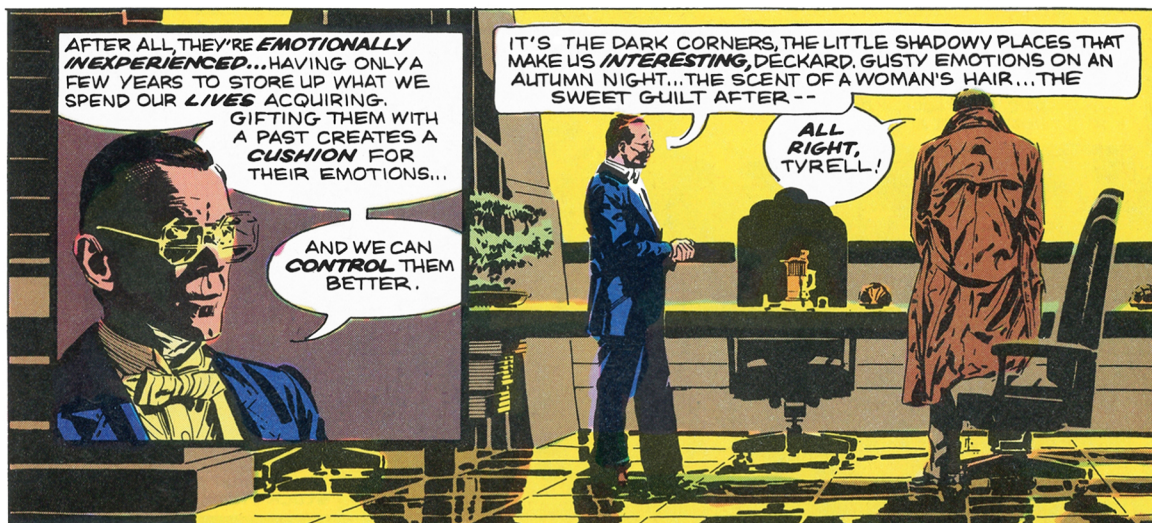
"...I wanted to talk with Tyrell in private."

I'M IMPRESSED, MR. DECKARD...THOUGH IT TOOK FAR MORE QUESTIONS THAN NORMAL TO LEARN THE *TRUTH*, DIDN'T IT?

SHE REALLY DOESN'T *KNOW* WHO SHE IS...?



SHE ONLY SUSPECTS *NOW*, I THINK. YOU SEE, THERE'S THIS STRANGE *OBSESSION* WE'VE RECOGNIZED IN THEM... THEY *WANT* MEMORIES.





"Bryant had GAFF join me. Guess he expected trouble. Or maybe the department's new boy wonder just needed a quiet spot to practice his foil sculptures. At any rate...

"...what we found was an empty room. Obviously neither Leon nor his friends had been back...



"Not that there was much to leave behind. A few clothes still neatly hung in the wardrobe...

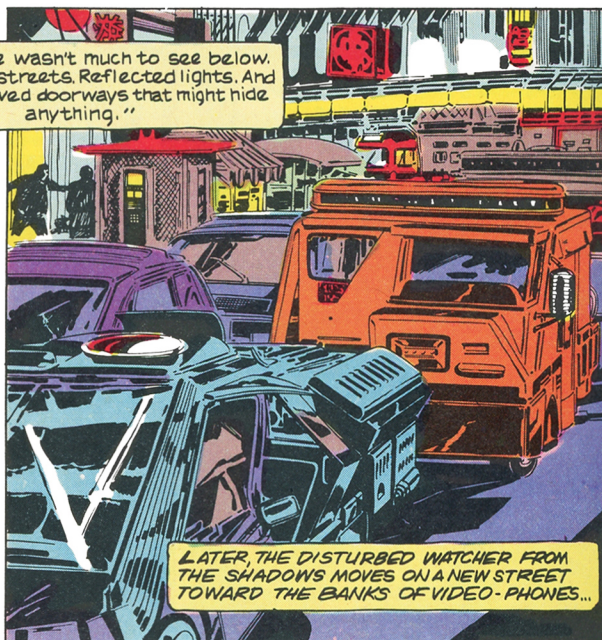
"a pretty ordinary batch of **SNAPSHOTS** stuck in one pocket...



"...and a few flecks of something I couldn't identify on the floor near the dresser. Just after tucking 'em in my wallet, I got a feeling...



"...the ol' **MAGIC** as Bryant calls it. It brought me to the window.



"There wasn't much to see below. Damp streets. Reflected lights. And shadowed doorways that might hide anything."

LATER, THE DISTURBED WATCHER FROM THE SHADOWS MOVES ON A NEW STREET TOWARD THE BANKS OF VIDEO- PHONES...

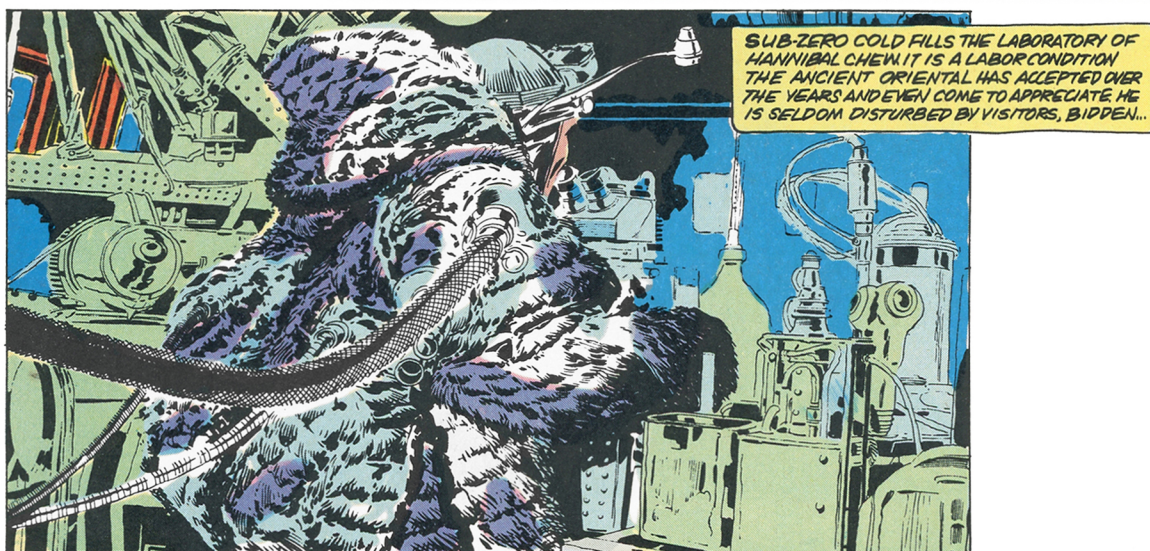


...AND ANOTHER WHO
WAITS FOR HIM.

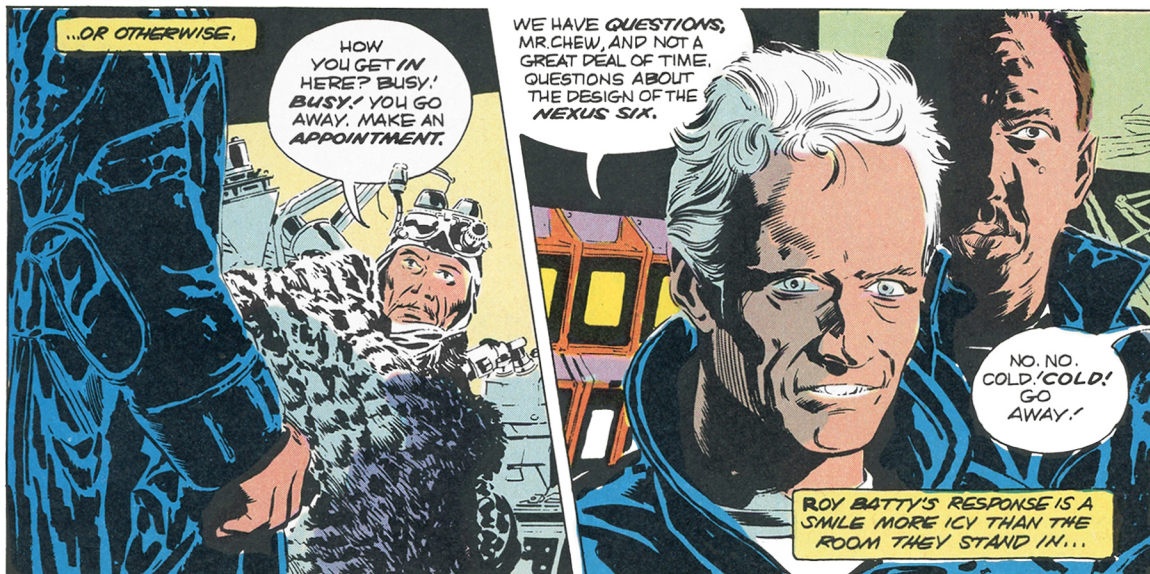
DID YOU
GET YOUR
PRECIOUS
PHOTOS?

SOMEBODY
WAS THERE.

OF COURSE, THE POLICE.
FORGET THOSE PICTURES,
LEON. WE'RE GOING TO
FIND A MORE
PRACTICAL ASPECT
OF OUR PAST.



SUB-ZERO COLD FILLS THE LABORATORY OF
HANNIBAL CHEW. IT IS A LABOR CONDITION
THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL HAS ACCEPTED OVER
THE YEARS AND EVEN COME TO APPRECIATE. HE
IS SELDOM DISTURBED BY VISITORS, BIDDEN...



...OR OTHERWISE,

HOW
YOU GET IN
HERE? BUSY!
BUSY! YOU GO
AWAY. MAKE AN
APPOINTMENT.

WE HAVE QUESTIONS,
MR. CHEW, AND NOT A
GREAT DEAL OF TIME.
QUESTIONS ABOUT
THE DESIGN OF THE
NEXUS SIX.

NO. NO.
COLD. COLD!
GO
AWAY!

ROY BATTY'S RESPONSE IS A
SMILE MORE ICY THAN THE
ROOM THEY STAND IN...

...AND WITHOUT FEELING OR CONCERN, HE PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO A TANK OF FREEZING LIQUID TO WITHDRAW WHAT FLOATS THERE.

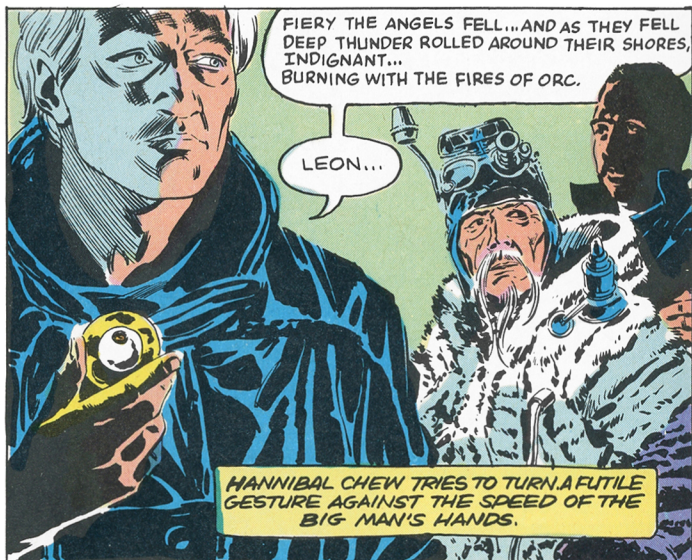
YOU REPLICANT! ILLEGAL! NOT BELONG HERE! YOU BELONG OTHER WORLDS... UP THERE!



FIERY THE ANGELS FELL...AND AS THEY FELL DEEP THUNDER ROLLED AROUND THEIR SHORES, INDIGNANT... BURNING WITH THE FIRES OF ORC.

LEON...

HANNIBAL CHEW TRIES TO TURN A FUTILE GESTURE AGAINST THE SPEED OF THE BIG MAN'S HANDS.



...AS THEY STRIP AWAY HIS LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM!

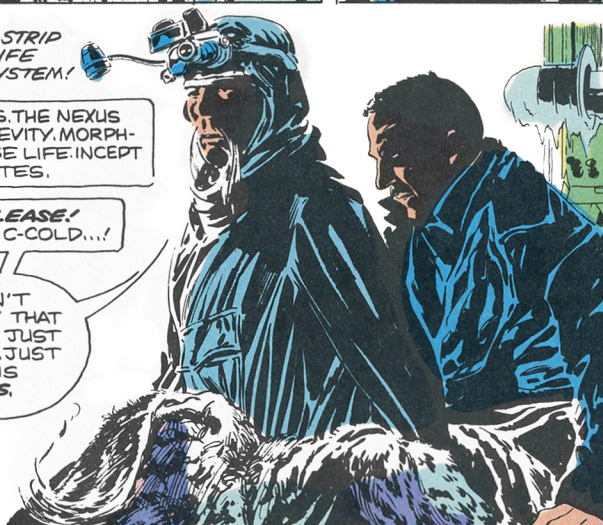
QUESTIONS. THE NEXUS SIX...LONGEVITY. MORPHOLOGY. USE LIFE INCEPT DATES.

PLEASE! THE C-COLD...!

DON'T KNOW THAT STUFF. JUST EYES...JUST NEXUS EYES.

AH, CHEW. IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE THE THINGS I'VE SEEN WITH YOUR EYES.

QUESTIONS!

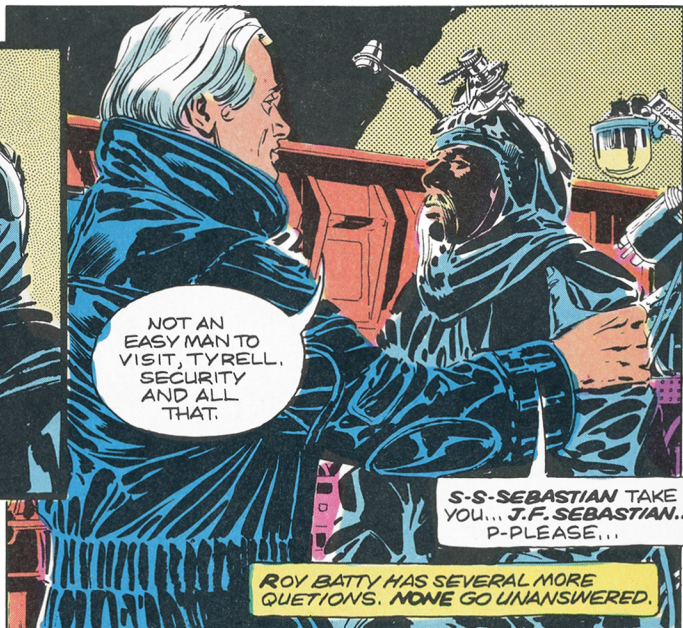


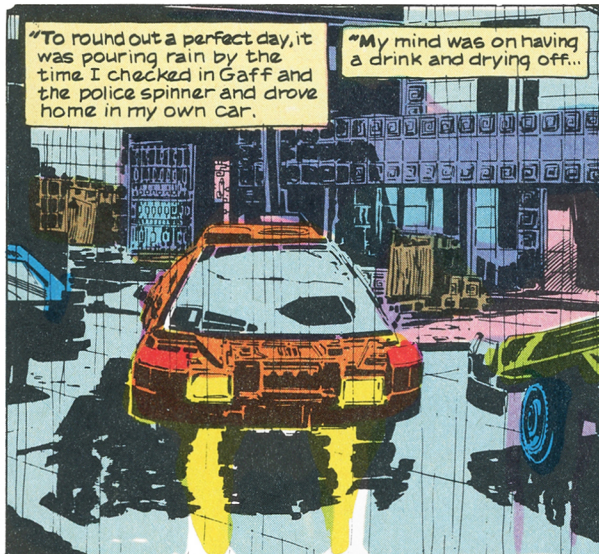
GIMME COAT...PLEASE...! ONLY BIG GENIUS... TYRELL... KNOWS ANSWERS. C-COAT... P-PLEASE!

NOT AN EASY MAN TO VISIT, TYRELL. SECURITY AND ALL THAT.

S-S-SEBASTIAN TAKE YOU... J.F. SEBASTIAN...! P-PLEASE...

ROY BATTY HAS SEVERAL MORE QUESTIONS. NONE GO UNANSWERED.





"To round out a perfect day, it was pouring rain by the time I checked in Gaff and the police spinner and drove home in my own car."

"My mind was on having a drink and drying off..."



"...or maybe I'd have tumbled **BEFORE** reaching my floor that the elevator's shadows hid a **SECOND** passenger."

ALL RIGHT!
WHO?



I...I'M
SORRY.

"Sorry! She didn't know how **CLOSE** it had been. Or maybe she was too desperate to care. Obviously, Tyrell wouldn't see her, so she'd come to me. I didn't like it, still...I didn't stop her from following me inside."



YOU THINK I'M A
REPLICANT, DON'T YOU?
BUT I WANT YOU TO
LOOK...I'VE BROUGHT
A **PHOTO** OF ME AND
MY PARENTS, AND I
REMEMBER--

EXPLORING AN
EMPTY BUILDING
WITH YOUR BROTHER
WHEN YOU WERE SIX...
THE SPIDER WEB
ON THE BUSH
OUTSIDE YOUR
WINDOW...



Y-YES...BUT
HOW CAN
YOU--?

IMPLANTS,
RACHEL.
TYRELL'S VERY
PROUD OF THEM.
RAN SOME ON
A SCANNER
FOR ME.

N-NO...
I DON'T...
BELIEVE...

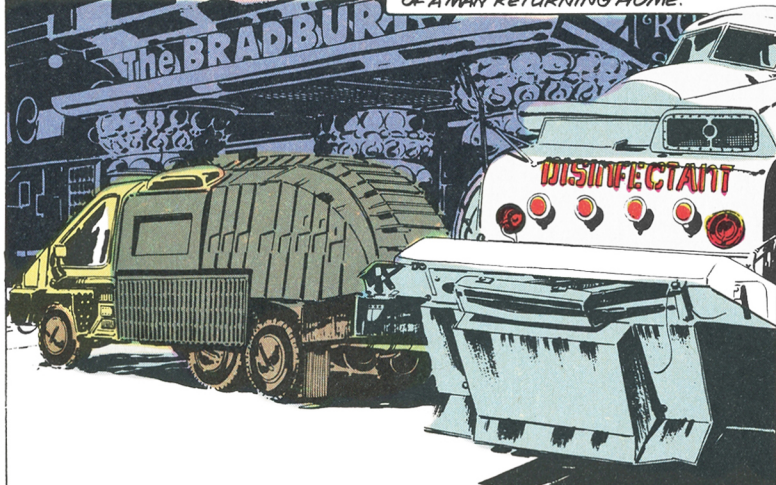
RIGHT.
I MADE IT ALL UP.
YOU'RE NOT A
REPLICANT... IT
WAS JUST A NASTY
JOKE. FORGET
IT. HAVE A
DRINK.



"By the time I dug out a second clean glass, she was gone. Nothing to show she'd ever been there..."

"...except a crumpled photograph dropped to the floor."

LIKE MANY STRUCTURES IN THE AREA, THE BUILDING APPEARS ABANDONED. YET, AS A STREET CLEANER GRINDS BY, ANOTHER VEHICLE HALTS IN FRONT OF IT. AND THE FIGURE THAT STEPS OUT DOES SO WITH THE WEARY FAMILIARITY OF A MAN RETURNING HOME.



HIS NAME IS J.F. SEBASTIAN AND THERE ARE FEW SURPRISES IN HIS LIFE ...



...UNTIL TONIGHT.

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING... HIDING THERE IN ALL THAT RUBBISH?!

S-SORRY...! I WAS LOST... NEEDED SOME PLACE DRY... WARM.

DEALING WITH PEOPLE IS DIFFICULT FOR J.F. SEBASTIAN. BUT THIS GIRL-- PRIS SHE CALLS HERSELF-- HOMELESS, SEEMINGLY SHYER THAN HE IS. SOMEHOW MAKES IT EASY, NATURAL.

YOU LIVE IN THIS BUILDING ALL BY YOURSELF?

YEAH. PRETTY MUCH. NO HOUSING SHORTAGE AROUND HERE... PLENTY OF ROOM FOR EVERYONE.

SCARED EACH OTHER PRETTY GOOD, DIDN'T WE...? YOU LOOK HUNGRY... I'VE GOT STUFF INSIDE... IF YOU WANNA COME IN...

I... I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT.



AN ANCIENT CLANKING ELEVATOR
CARRIES THEM UPWARD. AND
OFF A CRUMBLING CORRIDOR.

YOOHOO...
HOME!
HOME AGAIN!

I
THOUGHT
YOU SAID--

HOME AGAIN...HOME
AGAIN! JIGADDY JIG!

GOOD
EVENING
J.F.!

THESE ARE MY...
FRIENDS, PRIS, KAISER
AND BEAR. **TOYS**,
REALLY...I'VE **MORE**
INSIDE.

HE FEELS HER STUDYING HIM IN THE LIGHT...AND **KNOWS**
WHAT SHE'S GOING TO SAY.

Y-YOU'RE
NOT AS OLD
AS...YOU
LOOK.
WHAT...?

METHUSELAH SYNDROME.

I'M **TWENTY**, PRIS, MY GLANDS...THEY **AGE** TOO FAST.
THAT'S WHY I'M STILL **HERE**...I COULDN'T PASS THE
EMIGRATION TEST.

J.F.... I LIKE
YOU JUST THE
WAY YOU ARE.

"Machines can be helpful some-
times. They can also be a **BIG**
PAIN. Take my **ESPER**...I'd spent
the evening letting it three-
dimensionally enhance and
examine the set of snapshots
I took from Leon's hotel room.
So far all it revealed was that
that room's wardrobe had once
had a **SEQUINED DRESS** hanging
in it... And that neither Leon
nor Roy Batty was the type to
WEAR one. **REAL** helpful.

"I don't know why a replicant would collect photos. Probably like Tyrell said, they
NEED memories. I couldn't figure any of it. But maybe my mind wasn't on Leon's stuff.
Maybe it was on **ANOTHER** photo...the one **RACHEL** left earlier. On that and the
fact that when I uncrumpled it, her **PHONE NUMBER** was on the back. Interesting.
But nothing that would help detection and retirement...So I decided I was hungry.

"And along with my usual order at the noodle-bar...I got some **LUCK**."



"It wasn't the **HEADS** that interested me, but what was **ON** them."



"Maybe Leon's photos were a deadend, but it looked like I **HAD** those unidentified flecks from the floor of his hotel room. Since, outside of Eldon Tyrell very few people can afford the **REAL** thing... My next stop was **ANIMAL ROW**."

WELL...? THE SCOPE TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM?



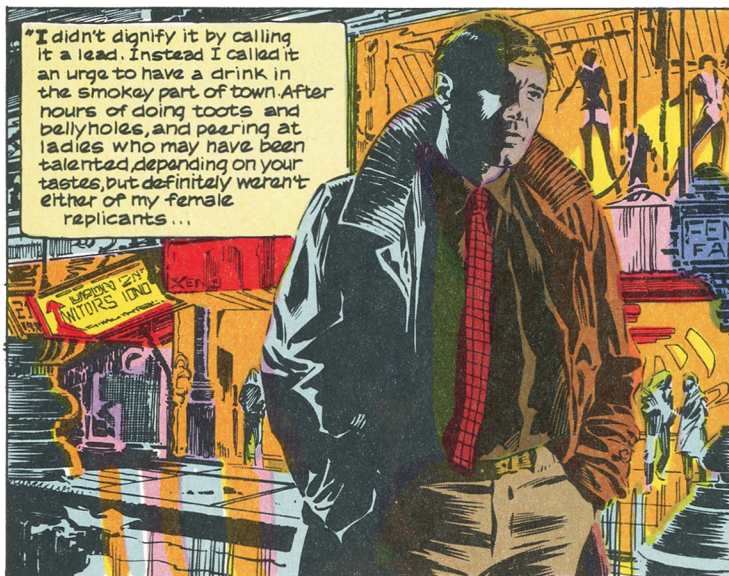
"...not **FISH**," the old lady said, "**SNAKE!**" which brought me to the **EGYPTIAN**."

"He didn't deny **MAKING** it, but he claimed he couldn't remember who he **SOLD** it to..."



"After I intensified my questioning and he **STILL** didn't remember...I **BELIEVED** him."

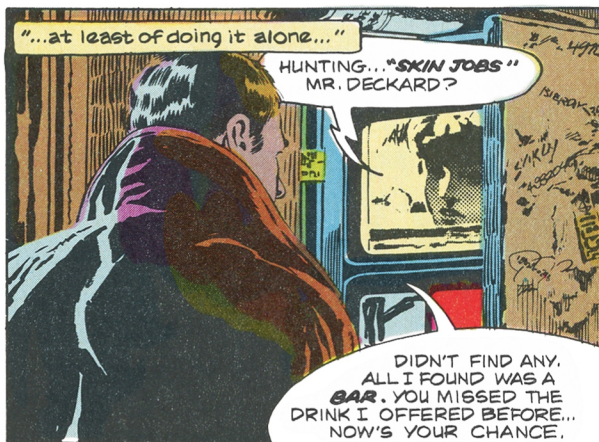




"I didn't dignify it by calling it a lead. Instead I called it an urge to have a drink in the smokey part of town. After hours of doing toots and bellyholes, and peering at ladies who may have been talented, depending on your tastes, but definitely weren't either of my female replicants ...



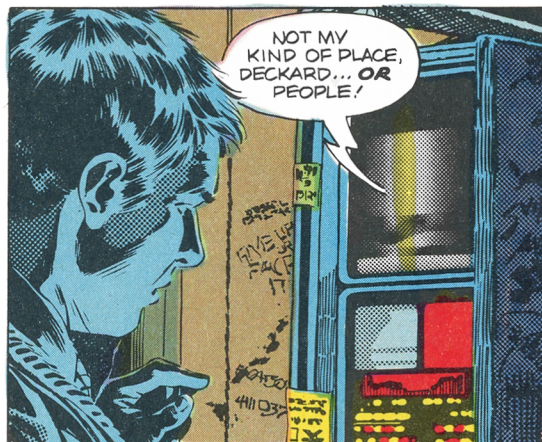
"...I ended up at Taffy's Bar. Tired. Of working. Of looking. Maybe even of drinking ..."



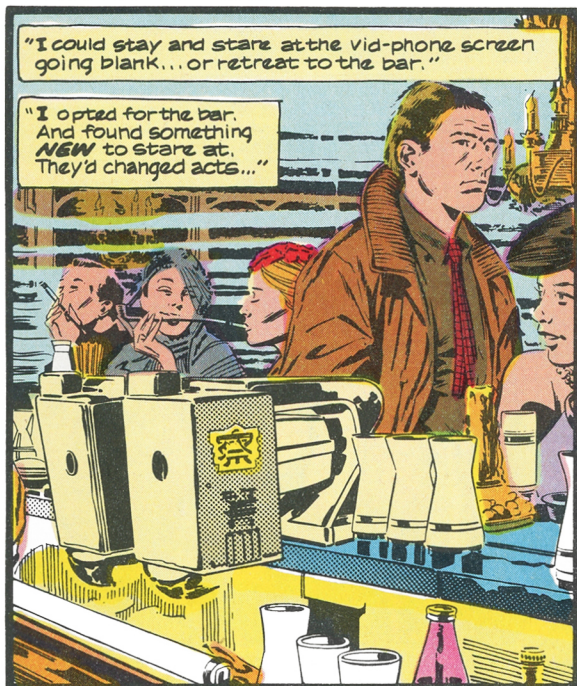
"...at least of doing it alone..."

HUNTING... "SKIN JOBS" MR. DECKARD?

DIDN'T FIND ANY. ALL I FOUND WAS A BAR. YOU MISSED THE DRINK I OFFERED BEFORE... NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.



NOT MY KIND OF PLACE, DECKARD... OR PEOPLE!



"I could stay and stare at the vid-phone screen going blank... or retreat to the bar."

"I opted for the bar. And found something *NEW* to stare at. They'd changed acts..."



"...and I was *WORKING* again."

WHAT DO *YOU* WANT? CUSTOMERS AREN'T ALLOWED BACKSTAGE.

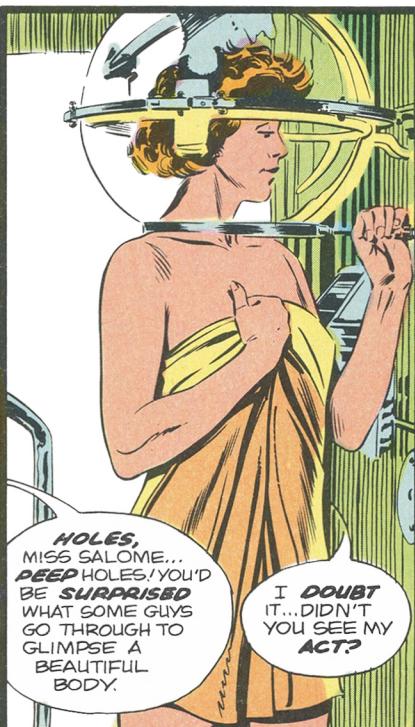
AH... I'M WITH THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF VARIETY ARTISTS, MISS SALOME... CONFIDENTIAL COMMITTEE ON MORAL ABUSES.

"She was a big woman. So was one of the raps, Zhora, on the tapes Bryant showed me. But the resemblance seemed to **END** there. Still, I felt there was **SOMETHING** ...And went with it."

THERE'S BEEN REPORTS OF **ALL MANNER** OF EXPLOITATION BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS PLACE.

THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO CHECK THIS DRESSING ROOM.

AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY CHANGING AND GETTING OUT OF HERE. WHAT ARE YOU CHECKING FOR?



HOLES, MISS SALOME... **DEEP HOLES!** YOU'D BE **SURPRISED** WHAT SOME GUYS GO THROUGH TO GLIMPSE A BEAUTIFUL BODY.

I **DOUBT** IT... DIDN'T YOU SEE MY **ACT?**

AH... OF COURSE. OF COURSE. HAVE YOU BEEN DOING IT **LONG?** I SEE YOU HAVE **OTHER** COSTUMES HERE. THAT **SEQUINED ONE** LOOKS ESPECIALLY--

IF YOU'VE RUN OUT OF **HOLES** TO FIND--I COULD USE **HELP** DRYING MY BACK.



"This way she looked even **LESS** like my replicant. I'd have to have the Esper compare sequins from **THIS** dress with the one it spotted in Leon's photos."



"Guess the lady had a soft spot for machines. Because as I took the towel... She suddenly saved my Esper a lot of wear and tear."

"She was **ZHORA**, all right. New hair color and whatever not withstanding."



"After that, it got a little **ROUGHER...**"

"...but she was more interested in getting out before the noise brought someone else than in finishing me."



"That **SAVED** me. Only instead of just layin' there and bein' grateful, I bit my lip, ignored all my body's objections, and went **AFTER** her."



"She didn't have too much of a start. I figured the rains, crowds and traffic would slow her down."



"And maybe they did. With a **NEXUS SIX** ...it's kinda hard to tell!"

OUT OF THE WAY, BLAST IT! OUT OF THE WAY!"



STOP NOW, ZHORA! STOP OR YOU'RE DEAD!"

"Most of the crowd didn't listen even after I fired a few rounds. Why should a fugitive replicant? I was **LOSING** her...and Detection Squad's baddest blade runner doesn't **DO** that!"



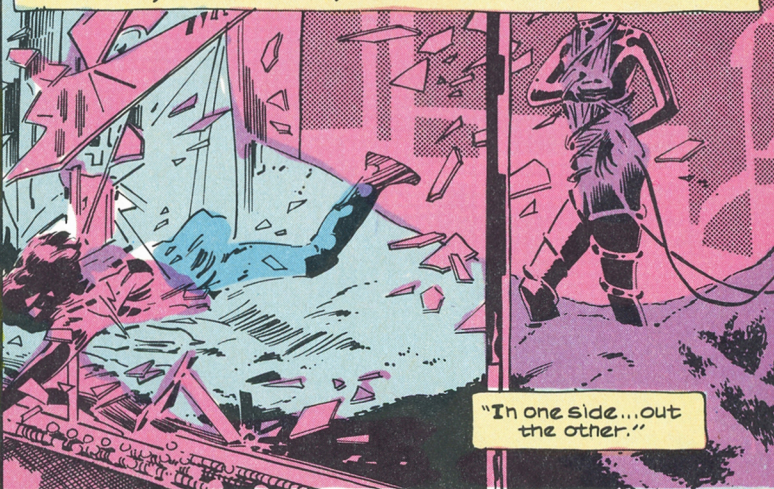


"The car was too low. I leaped again...onto a **BUS**. Zhora was almost to a subway entrance..."

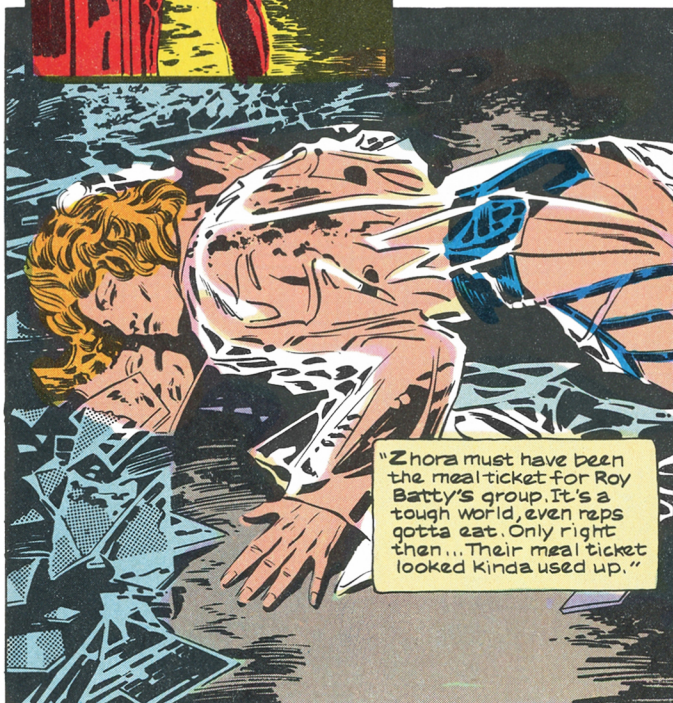
"She died then, I suppose."



"Thanks to superior Tyrell craftsmanship, she kept running. And I kept firing. It took a plate glass window display case to **END** it..."



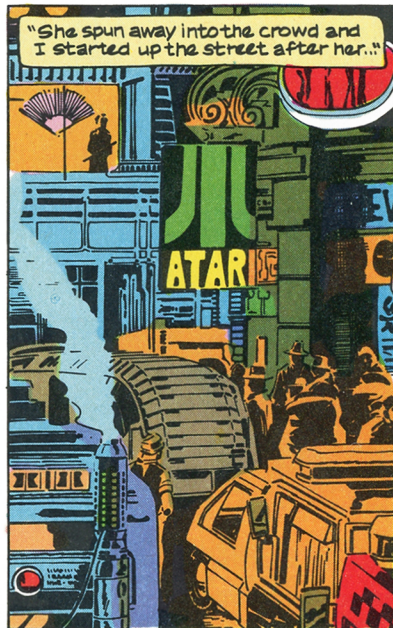
"In one side...out the other."



"Zhora must have been the meal ticket for Roy Batty's group. It's a tough world, even reps gotta eat. Only right then... Their meal ticket looked kinda used up."



"I wanted to be happy about it, but I had a feeling it wasn't gonna work that way. I had the feeling I was gonna get the worst case of shakes I ever had."





"Forquite a while we just walked. Silent. Numb. Then I got an idea. My usual one."

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WORKS ON CUTS AND BRUISES AND A LONG NIGHT.

VODKA. WAIT HERE. I'LL FIND A VENDOR.

"What I also found was **GAFF**."

"Rachel was somewhere back in the crowd. I didn't think he'd spotted her. But I couldn't be sure."

"His main interest seemed to be hustling me over to **BRYANT**."

GEEZ, DECKARD! YOU LOOK ALMOST AS BAD AS THAT FEMALE SKIN JOB YOU SENT PLOWIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW DISPLAY. ALMOST.

YOU GET THE CALL ON THE BIG ONE... **LEON**...?

BET YOUR BUTT, **TWO** IN ONE NIGHT! YOU COULD **LEARN** FROM THIS GUY, GAFF... REAL ONE-MAN SLAUGHTER-SQUAD!

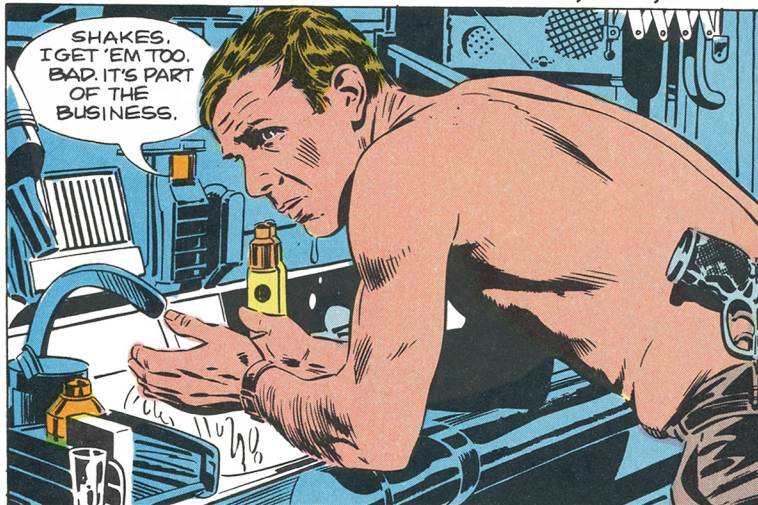
TWO, BRYANT. THAT'S **TWO** TO GO. YOU SAID THREE.

NOT HEADIN' **HOME**, ARE YOU? THREE TO GO... FIGURED YOU'D STAY AT IT ALL NIGHT! LEAVE 'EM DEAD IN THE ALLEY FOR US TO PICK UP!

RIGHT! THAT SWEET LITTLE SKIN JOB YOU VEE-KAYED AT **TYRELL'S** HAS DISAPPEARED. **THREE**, DECK.

HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS FOR ME, PAL! LET'S GO, GAFF!

"Back at my apartment, Rachel had a drink while I tried to repair the night's damages and forget the way Gaff **STARED** at me as he and Bryant took off. I could hear the ice cubes rattling in her glass."

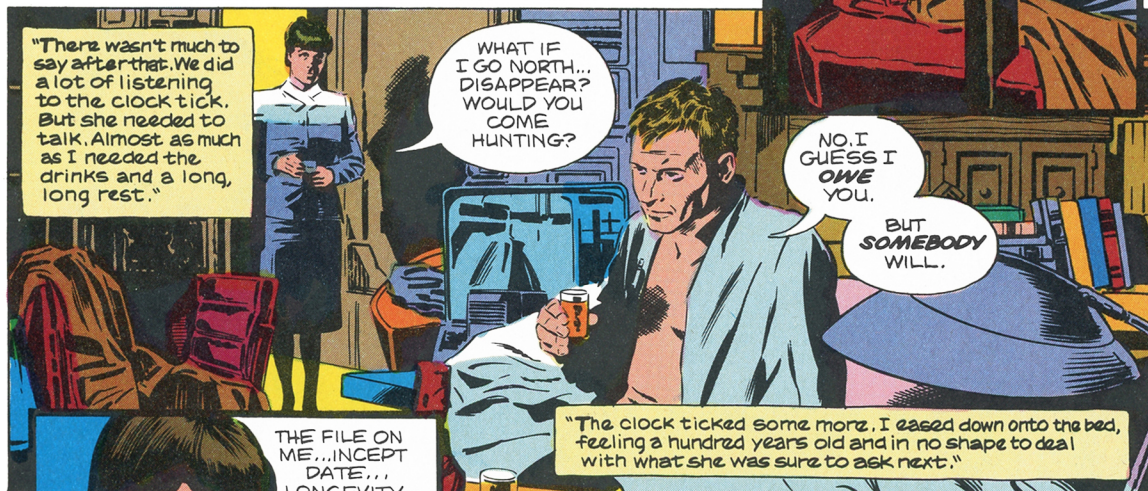


SHAKES. I GET 'EM TOO. BAD. IT'S PART OF THE BUSINESS.



I'M NOT IN THE BUSINESS.

I **AM** THE BUSINESS.



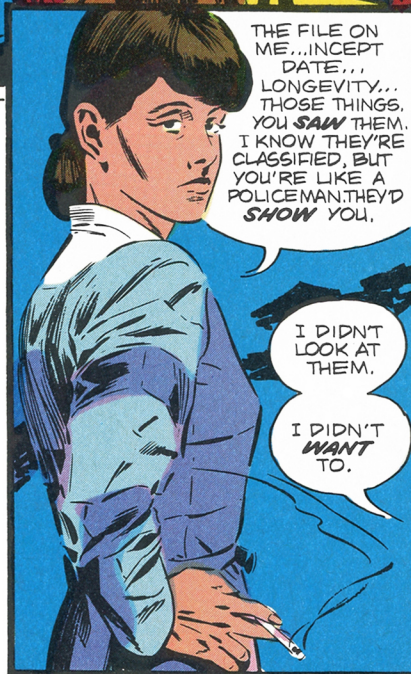
"There wasn't much to say after that. We did a lot of listening to the clock tick. But she needed to talk. Almost as much as I needed the drinks and a long, long rest."

WHAT IF I GO NORTH... DISAPPEAR? WOULD YOU COME HUNTING?

NO, I GUESS I OWE YOU.

BUT **SOMEBODY** WILL.

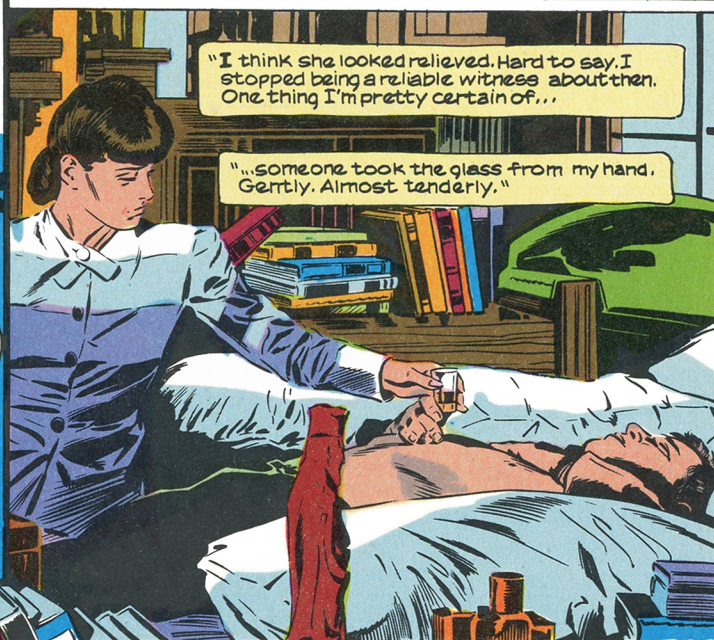
"The clock ticked some more. I eased down onto the bed, feeling a hundred years old and in no shape to deal with what she was sure to ask next."



THE FILE ON ME... INCEPT DATE... LONGEVITY... THOSE THINGS, YOU **SAW** THEM. I KNOW THEY'RE CLASSIFIED, BUT YOU'RE LIKE A POLICEMAN. THEY'D **SHOW** YOU.

I DIDN'T LOOK AT THEM.

I DIDN'T **WANT** TO.



"I think she looked relieved. Hard to say. I stopped being a reliable witness about then. One thing I'm pretty certain of..."

"...someone took the glass from my hand. Gently. Almost tenderly."



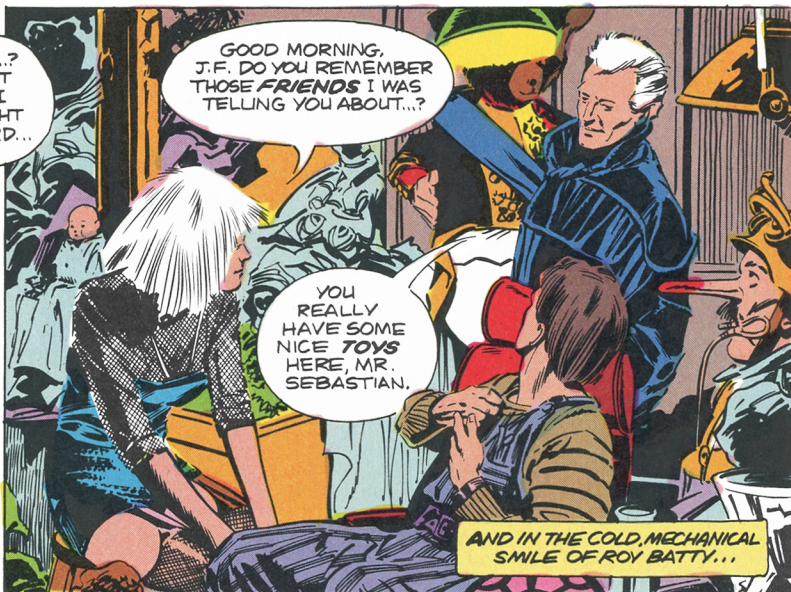
FAMILY, ME AN' MY DAD. HE'S DEAD NOW. THAT'S MY WIFE, SHE LEFT ME. WENT OFFWORLD. WANTED THE GOOD LIFE.



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
ANOTHER MAN AWAKENS.



PRIS...?
IS THAT
YOU? I
THOUGHT
I HEARD...



GOOD MORNING,
J.F. DO YOU REMEMBER
THOSE **FRIENDS** I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT...?

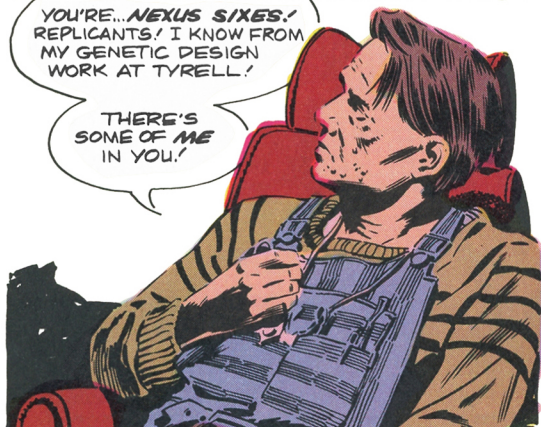
YOU
REALLY
HAVE SOME
NICE **TOYS**
HERE, MR.
SEBASTIAN.

AND IN THE COLD, MECHANICAL
SMILE OF ROY BATTY...

...THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE AGED FACE FULLY
RECOGNIZES THE VISITORS IN HIS HOME.

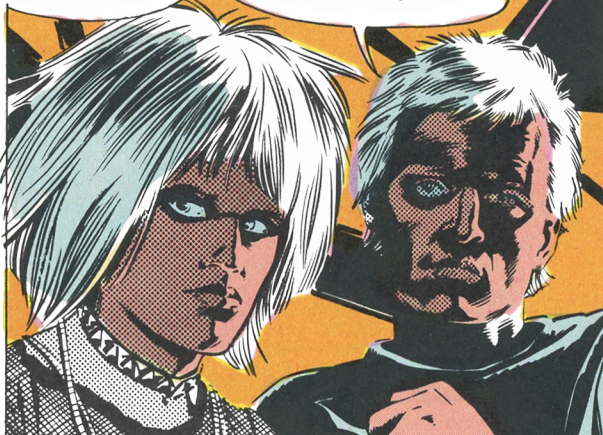
YOU'RE... **NEXUS SIXES!**
REPLICANTS! I KNOW FROM
MY GENETIC DESIGN
WORK AT TYRELL!

THERE'S
SOME OF ME
IN YOU!



THEN YOU SHOULD
BE HAPPY TO
HELP US.

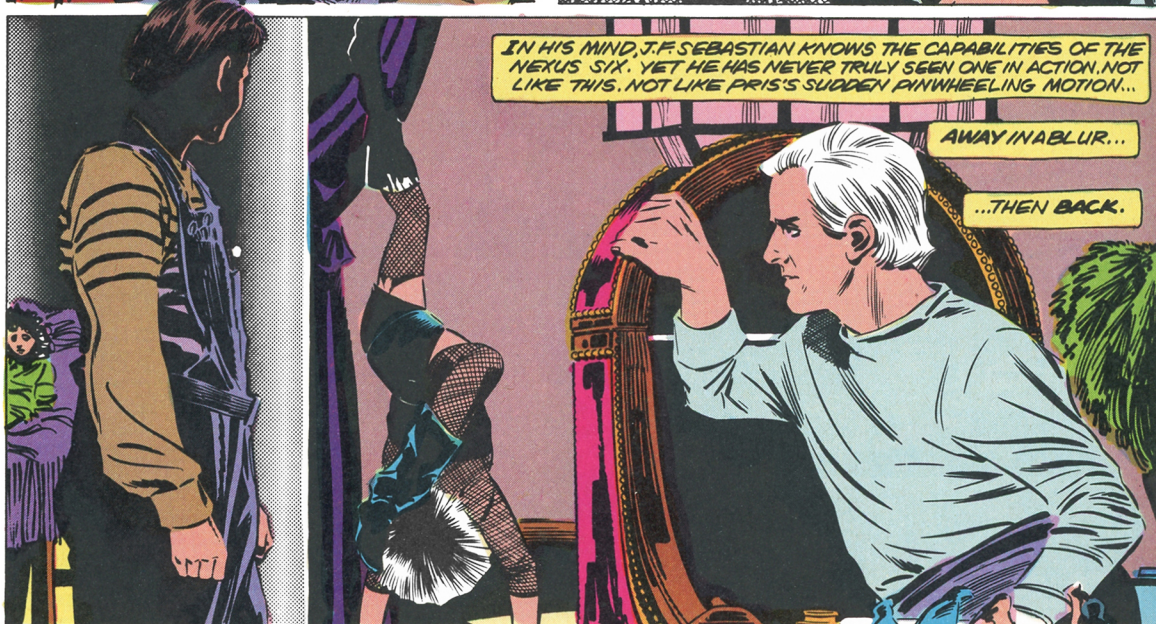
OUR NEW FRIEND CAN **CONSIDER**
OVER BREAKFAST. **BRING** US
SOMETHING, PRIS.



IN HIS MIND, J.F. SEBASTIAN KNOWS THE CAPABILITIES OF THE
NEXUS SIX. YET HE HAS NEVER TRULY SEEN ONE IN ACTION, NOT
LIKE THIS. NOT LIKE PRIS'S SUDDEN PINWHEELING MOTION...

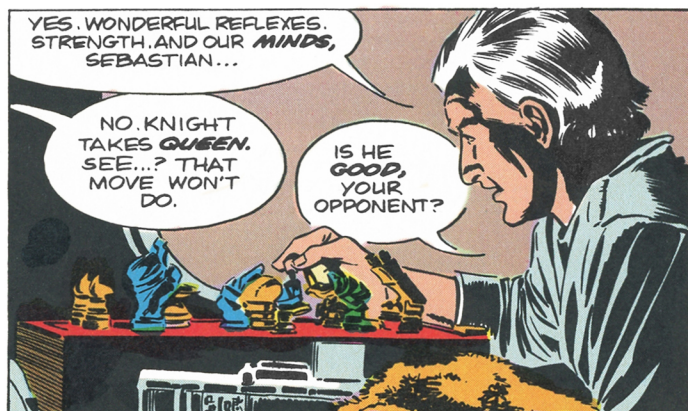
AWAY IN A BLUR...

...THEN BACK.





YOU'RE
PERFECT...!
REALLY
PERFECT...!



YES. WONDERFUL REFLEXES.
STRENGTH. AND OUR **MINDS**,
SEBASTIAN...

NO. KNIGHT
TAKES **QUEEN**.
SEE...? THAT
MOVE WON'T
DO.

IS HE
GOOD,
YOUR
OPPONENT?



MR. TYRELL...?
HE'S **MORE**
THAN GOOD!
HE'S **MORE**
THAN **GENIUS!**

THE
EINSTEIN OF
GENIUSES,
BATTY! HE
DESIGNED YOU...
YOUR
INTELLIGENCE!
HE'S--



HE'S IN
TROUBLE.

MATE!
A QUEEN
SACRIFICE...!
BRILLIANT...



ALL THANKS
TO YOUR **FRIEND**,
SEBASTIAN... THIS
TYRELL. HE'S
REALLY QUITE
A DESIGNER.

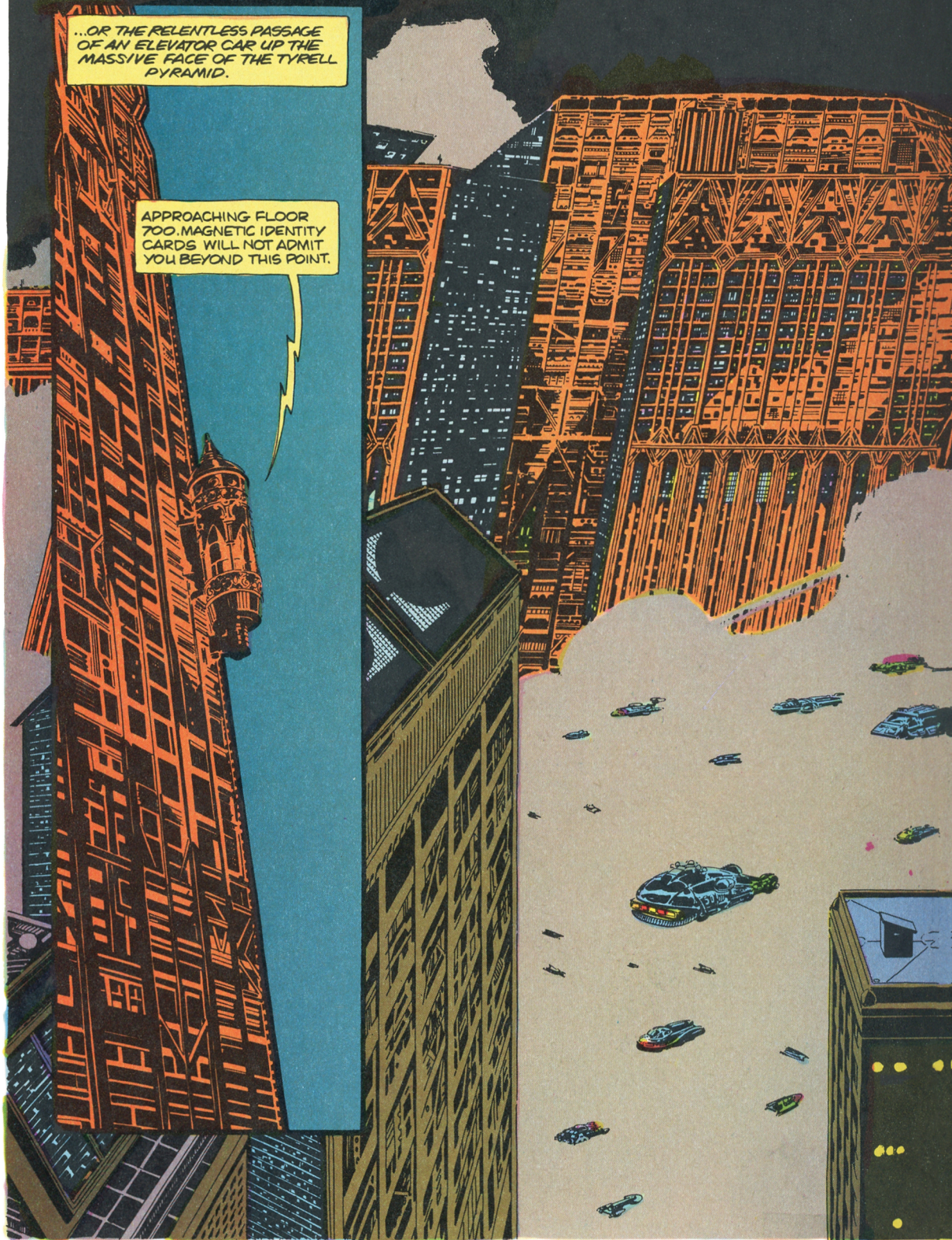
WE
OWE HIM
EVERYTHING,
SEBASTIAN.

I REALLY
MUST THANK
HIM...
TONIGHT.

EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE STEADY SPINNER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL HARANGUE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLIMPS...

...OR THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE MASSIVE FACE OF THE TYRELL PYRAMID.

APPROACHING FLOOR 700. MAGNETIC IDENTITY CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.





LETTERING
BY TONY
CRABTREE
BILLBOARD
BY CRABTREE
AL WILLIAMS ON PRODUCTION

Be a good m...

YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS
TO STATE THE PURPOSE
OF YOUR VISIT,
PLEASE.

QUEEN TO
BISHOP SIX...
CHECK.



SEBASTIAN...
AT *THIS* HOUR?
CHECK...?
NONSENSE.
KNIGHT **TAKES**
QUEEN. TELL
HIM TO GO
HOME.

RESPONSE: BISHOP TO
KING SEVEN... **MATE.**

THOUGHTS OF STOCK
AND COMMODITY
TRADING THAT ELDON
TYRELL HAD BEEN
ABOUT TO DICTATE
TO HIS COMPUTER
VANISH. HE RISES,
SLIPPING ON HIS
ROBE.



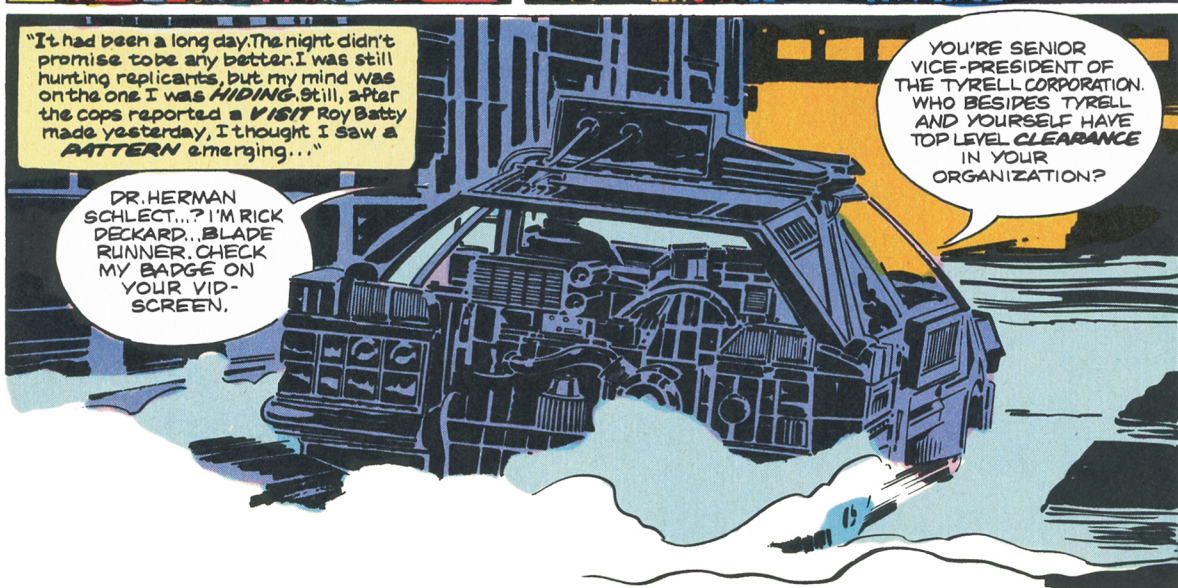
BISHOP TO KING SEVEN...
MATE? THAT'S--
WAIT A MINUTE.
WAIT A MINUTE.

LET
HIM **IN!**



A DOOR HISSES
OPEN, AND TYRELL
SEES...

I...UH...I
BROUGHT
A FRIEND.



"It had been a long day. The night didn't
promise to be any better. I was still
hunting replicants, but my mind was
on the one I was **HIDING**. Still, after
the cops reported a **VISIT** Roy Batty
made yesterday, I thought I saw a
PATTERN emerging..."

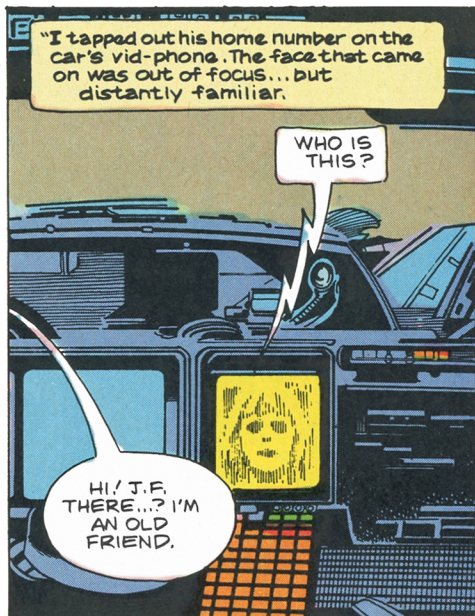
DR. HERMAN
SCHLECT...? I'M RICK
DECKARD... BLADE
RUNNER. CHECK
MY BADGE ON
YOUR VID-
SCREEN.

YOU'RE SENIOR
VICE-PRESIDENT OF
THE TYRELL CORPORATION.
WHO BESIDES TYRELL
AND YOURSELF HAVE
TOP LEVEL **CLEARANCE**
IN YOUR
ORGANIZATION?



"There were *TWO*. One was beyond being helpful. Hannibal Chew. The *OBJECT* of Batty's visit. But the other...

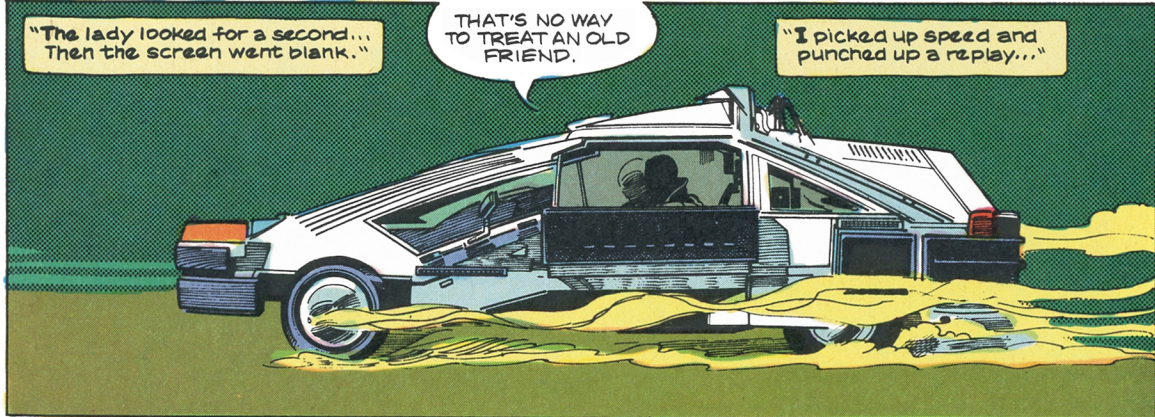
J.F. SEBASTIAN. *ANAPT 46751*. GENETIC DESIGNER. AGE TWENTY. HOBBIES: GRAND MASTER CHESS PLAYER...



"I tapped out his home number on the car's vid-phone. The face that came on was out of focus... but distantly familiar.

WHO IS THIS?

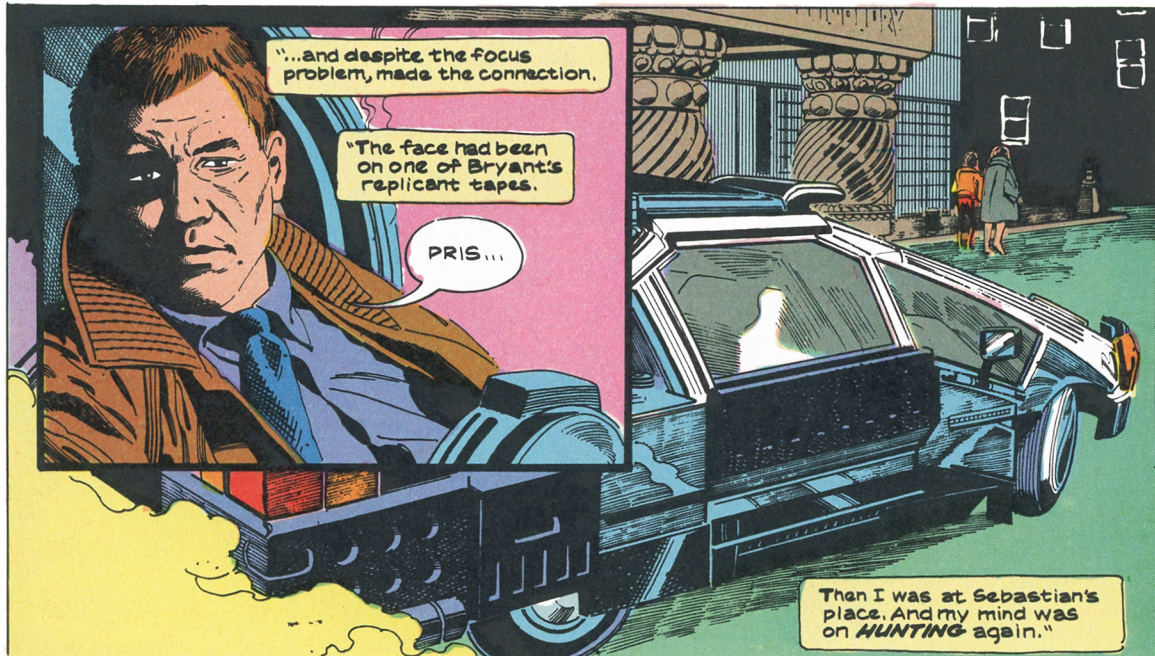
HI! J.F. THERE...? I'M AN OLD FRIEND.



"The lady looked for a second... Then the screen went blank."

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT AN OLD FRIEND.

"I picked up speed and punched up a replay..."



"...and despite the focus problem, made the connection.

"The face had been on one of Bryant's replicant tapes.

PRIS...

Then I was at Sebastian's place. And my mind was on *HUNTING* again."



ELDON TYRELL HAS BEEN PRUDENT. HE IS TOO FINE A CHESS PLAYER TO MAKE A WRONG MOVE SO EARLY. HE SMILES AND SHOWS NO FEAR OF HIS MOST FEARSOME CREATION.

I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T COME HERE SOONER.

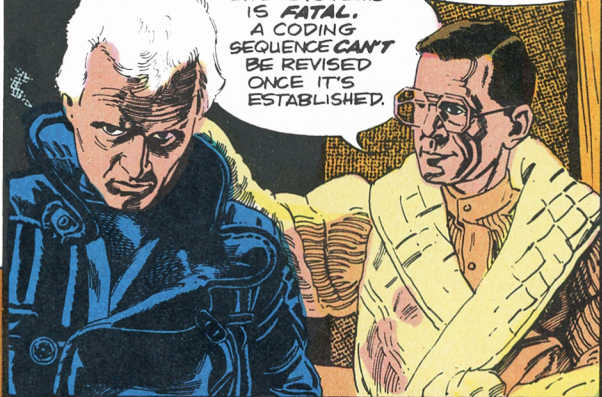
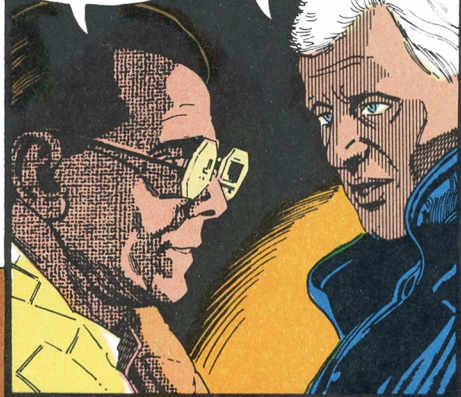
IT'S NOT AN EASY THING TO MEET YOUR MAKER.

BUT WHAT COULD YOU WANT OF ME THAT I HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE, ROY?

I WANT MORE LIFE, YOU POMPUS ASS!

TYRELL DOESN'T RUFFLE, BUT MOVES COMFORTINGLY... WITH FATHERLY ASSURANCE.

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT **SYMPLE**. ANY ALTERATION IN THE EVOLVEMENT OF OUR ORGANIC LIFE-SYSTEMS IS **FATAL**. A CODING SEQUENCE **CAN'T** BE REVISED ONCE IT'S ESTABLISHED.

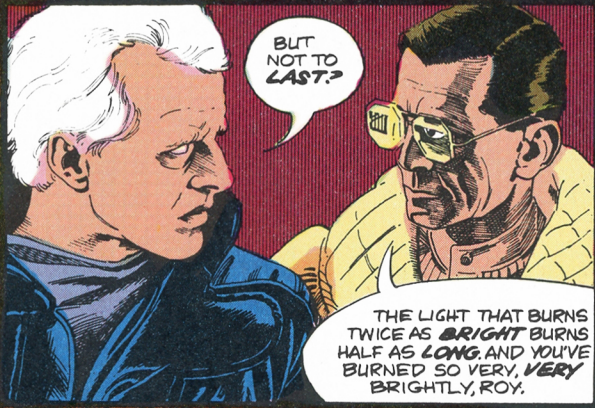


WHAT ABOUT E.M.S. COMBINATION...? OR A REPRESSOR PROTEIN TO BLOCK DETERIORATING CELLS?

GIVES RISE TO **MUTATIONS** IN THE NEWLY-FORMED DNA STRAND... A DEADLY VIRUS RESULTS. BUT THIS IS ALL ACADEMIC, ROY.

YOU ARE MADE AS **WELL** AS WE COULD.

BUT NOT TO **LAST**?



THE LIGHT THAT BURNS TWICE AS **BRIGHT** BURNS HALF AS **LONG**. AND YOU'VE BURNED SO VERY, **VERY** BRIGHTLY, ROY.

THE *BEST* OF ALL POSSIBLE REPLICANTS! I'M
PROUD OF MY PRODIGAL SON... *GLAD*
YOU'VE RETURNED.



I'VE
DONE
QUESTIONABLE
THINGS.

ALSO *EXTRAORDINARY*
THINGS... A *REBEL* IN YOUR
TIME.



BUT
YOU FORGIVE...
MY MAKER
FORGIVES
ME.



AND TOO LATE, ELDON TYRELL REALIZES THAT
FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS NIGHT...



...HE'S PLAYED A LOSING GAME.



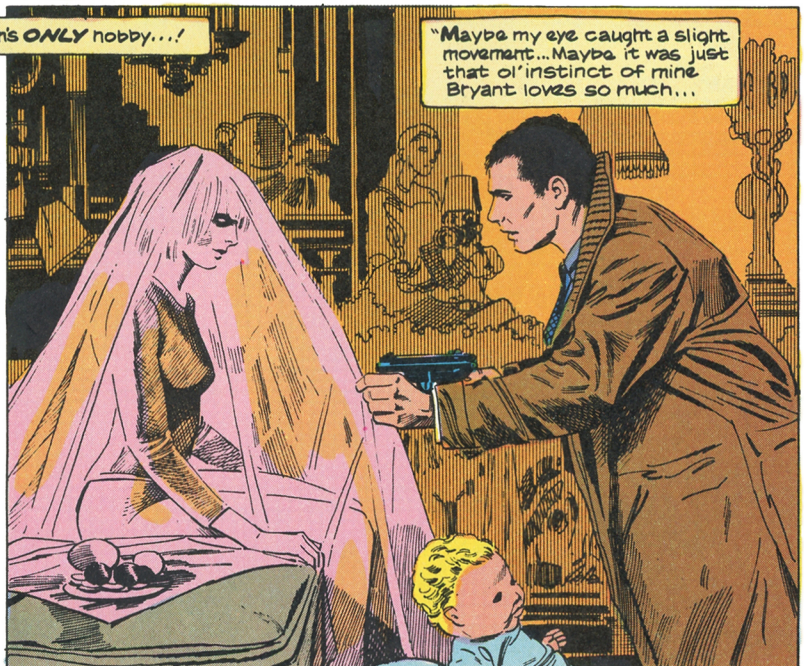
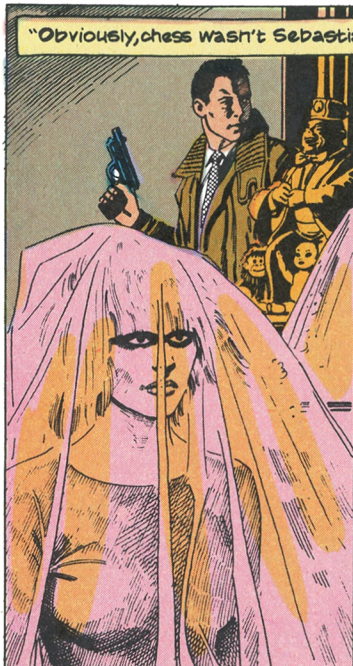
ACROSS THE ROOM, J.F.
SEBASTIAN WATCHES HIS
EMPLOYER DIE AND TURNS
TO RUN FOR THE ELEVATOR...



HE HAS FEW ILLUSIONS
ABOUT BEING ABLE TO
MAKE IT.



"It wasn't my idea of a terrific place to live ... or to look for killer replicants."



"...but when I grabbed at the veil of the figure that caught my attention, it was nearly the **LAST THING** I ever did!"



"I landed in the hall... separated from my pistol. Scrambling to grab that... I missed seein' what was cartwheeling my way..."



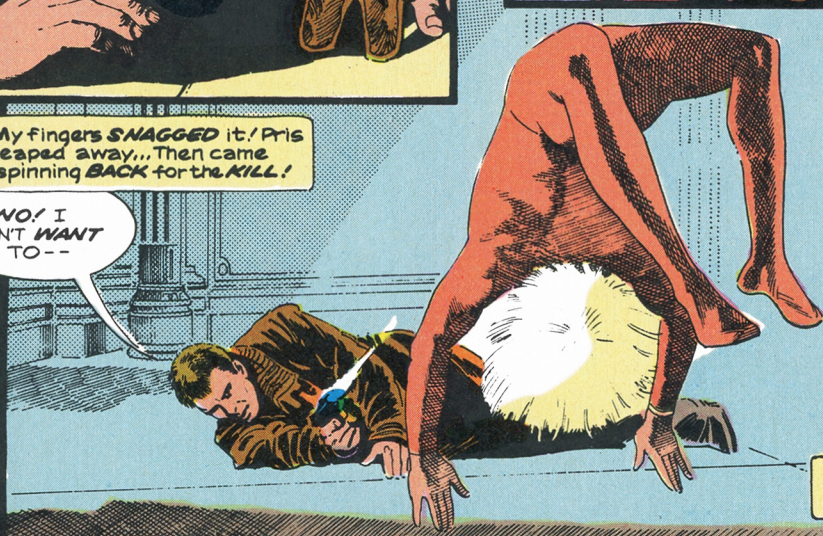
"...until Pris landed on me and it was too late to do anything but **SUFFER**."



"The **GUN**! If I could only..."

"My fingers **SNAGGED** it! Pris leaped away... Then came spinning **BACK** for the **KILL**!"

NO! I DON'T WANT TO--

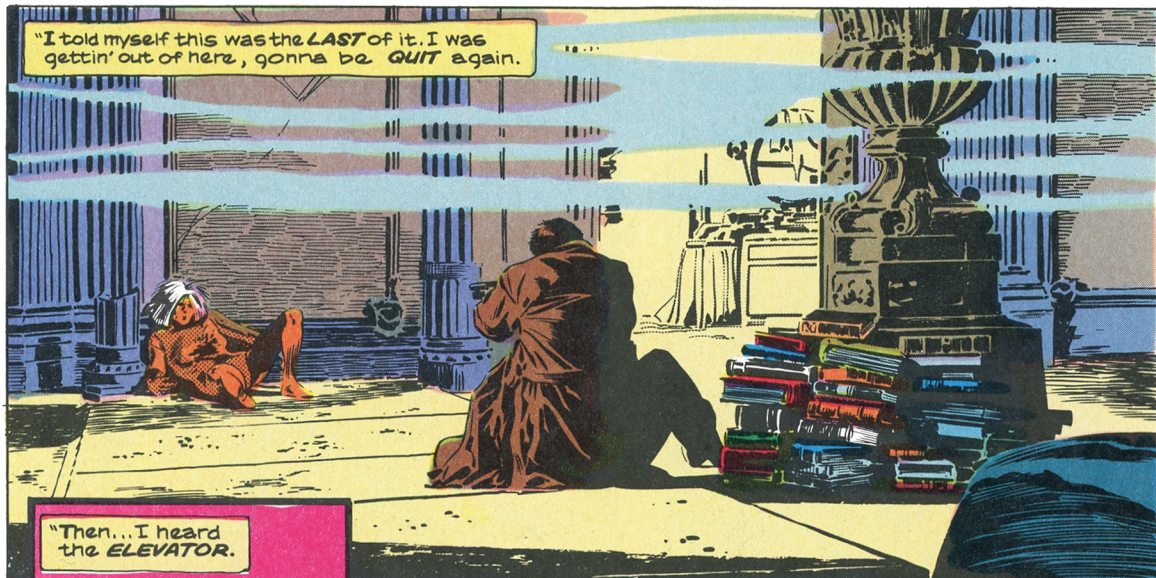


"I like to think she didn't give me any choice..."





"...not that it changed the way it **ENDED**."



"I told myself this was the **LAST** of it. I was gettin' out of here, gonna be **QUIT** again."

"Then... I heard the **ELEVATOR**."



"It could've been Sebastian coming home. Or maybe Gaff and Bryant catchin' up to me again. But somehow I **KNEW** nothin' was finished..."

"...an' the **WORST** was still to come."

"Sure, I could've talked with him... Until he learned what I'd left **INSIDE**."

"So I dropped back..."

"...and when he entered Sebastian's place, I did my best at *AIRING* Roy Batty, supersoldier!"

"It wasn't good enough. Not against his reactions... Not even with surprise in my favor."



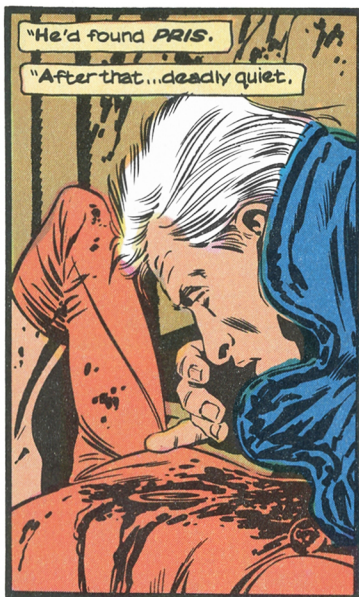
"I reloaded on the run and got set to try again. I could hear him in the other room."

"It wasn't quite a scream. There was a sob to it... and something like animal rage."

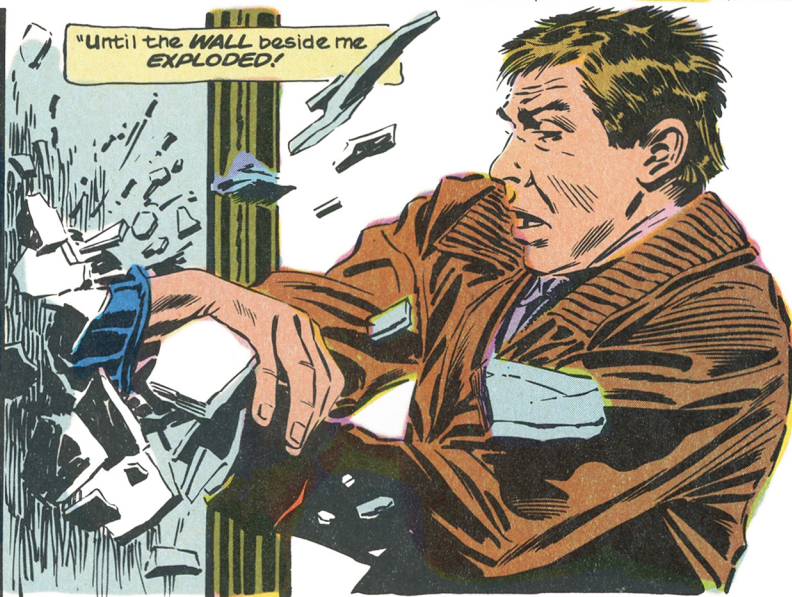


"He'd found *PRIS*."

"After that... deadly quiet."



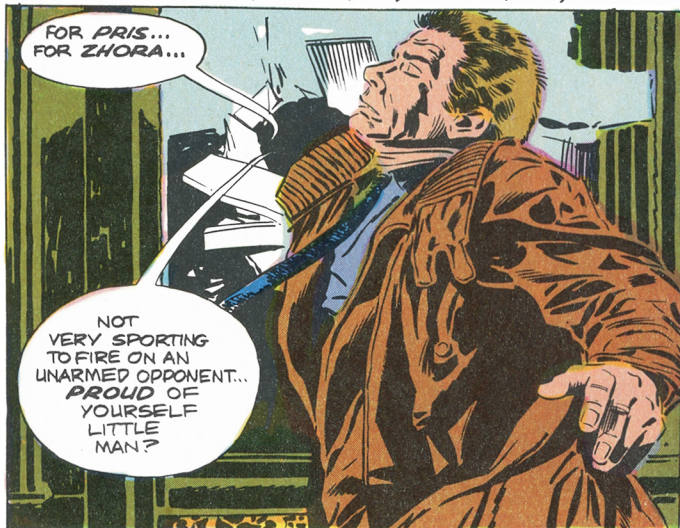
"Until the *WALL* beside me EXPLODED!"



"Before I could blink, Batty had jerked my gun arm through the hole... and was snapping two of my fingers like dry twigs."

FOR *PRIS*...
FOR *ZHORA*...

NOT
VERY SPORTING
TO FIRE ON AN
UNARMED OPPONENT...
PROUD OF
YOURSELF
LITTLE
MAN?



I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE *GOOD*.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU
RUN, *BLADE*
RUNNER.



"I forgot about the pain. I **RAW**. Just like he wanted. I **RAW**. With him getting closer. And when there was no **PLACE** to run...

"...I **CLIMBED**."

"Whatever the outcome...I intended to make it **HARD** for him."

"Which made it harder on **ME**. Which maybe is what he wanted in the first place."

"I grabbed some rag's and tried resetting my fingers. Everything seemed to drain out of me in the effort..."

"...then Batty arrived to help me go **ON**."

"...IF YOU DON'T **PLAY**--"

KARAK!

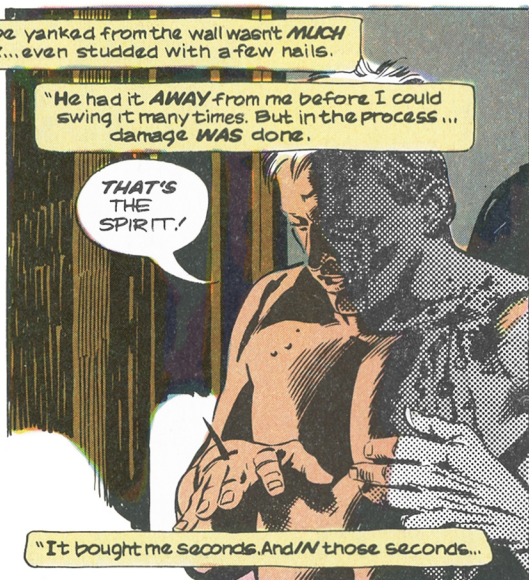
"...WE'LL HAVE TO END IT **NOW**."

"He'd stripped down an' **DECORATED** his body with his own blood. Batty was acting out some kinda crazy, savage ritual..."



"... but I was fighting to **SURVIVE!**"

"A rusting piece of pipe yanked from the wall wasn't **MUCH** against a Nexus Six... even studded with a few nails.



"He had it **AWAY** from me before I could swing it many times. But in the process ... damage **WAS** done.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

"It bought me seconds. And **IN** those seconds..."



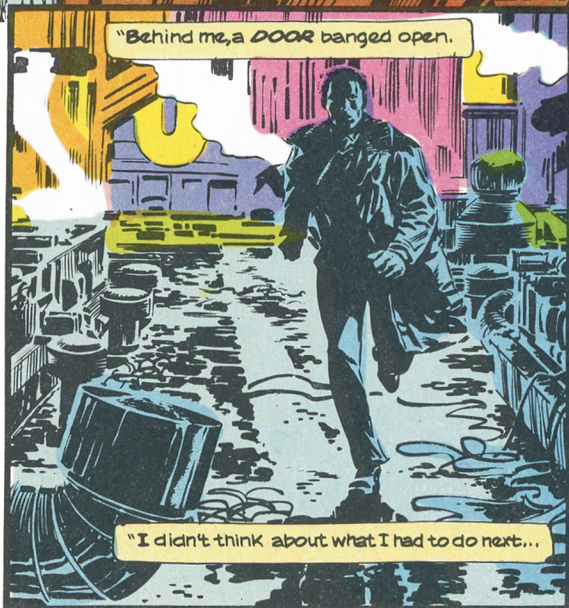
"... I smashed through the window slats to the mounting rain outside.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING LITTLE MAN?

"I was scrambling upward over stone scrollwork, scrambling for my life. Not thinking about how slippery it was or how many levels yawned **BELOW** me.



"Then, I was on the **ROOF**... and it was just one more spot with no place to hide.



"Behind me, a **DOOR** banged open.

"I didn't think about what I had to do next..."



"...I just *DID* it.

"ALMOST.

"Maybe with no rain...or two good hands.



"Instead I dangled helplessly...steadily slipping...while Roy Batty came to gloat.

"Or perhaps just to bear witness.



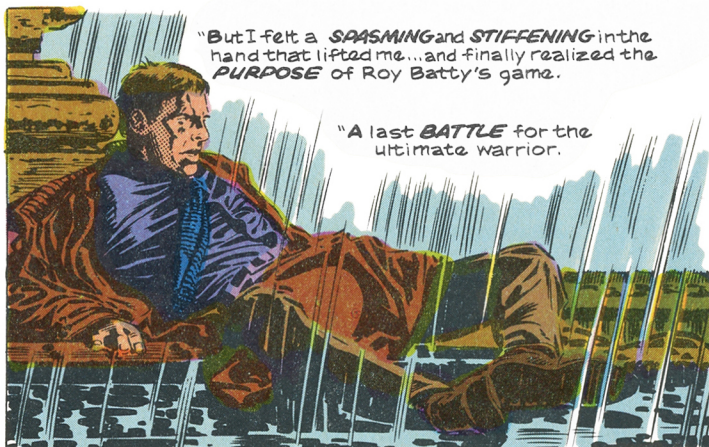
"I showed the only thing I had left. My *ANGER*. I got to swear at him once...

"...and it was all over.



"Except I didn't **FALL**...

"For a moment it seemed he might just be prolonging the fun.

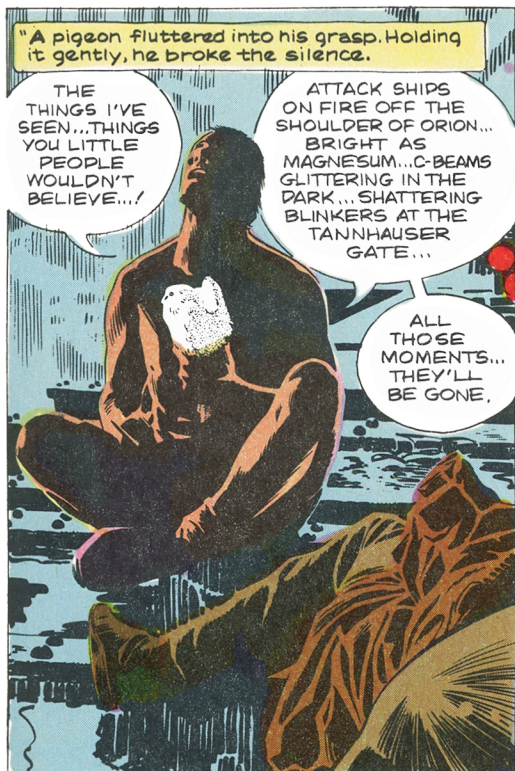


"But I felt a **SPASMING** and **STIFFENING** in the hand that lifted me...and finally realized the **PURPOSE** of Roy Batty's game.

"A last **BATTLE** for the ultimate warrior.



"He sat down across from where he propped me. Time passed and we stared at each other through the rain...

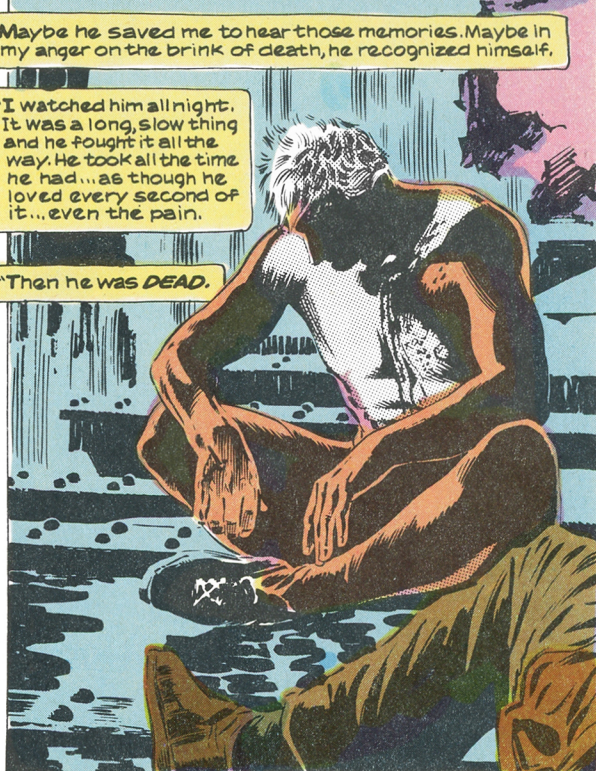


"A pigeon fluttered into his grasp. Holding it gently, he broke the silence.

THE THINGS I'VE SEEN...THINGS YOU LITTLE PEOPLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE...!

ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE OFF THE SHOULDER OF ORION... BRIGHT AS MAGNESUM...C-BEAMS GLITTERING IN THE DARK... SHATTERING BLINKERS AT THE TANNHAUSER GATE...

ALL THOSE MOMENTS... THEY'LL BE GONE.



"Maybe he saved me to hear those memories. Maybe in my anger on the brink of death, he recognized himself.

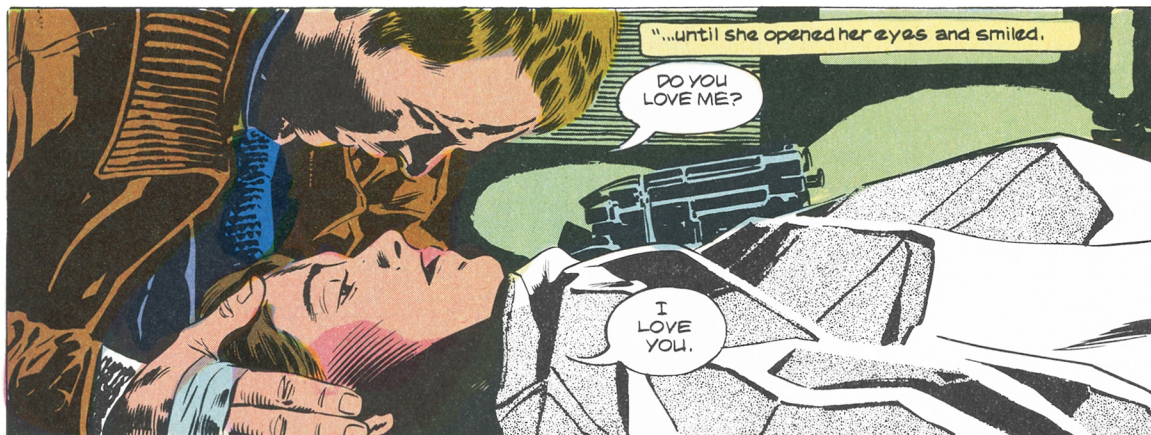
"I watched him all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He took all the time he had...as though he loved every second of it...even the pain.

"Then he was **DEAD**."



"Gaff just nodded, watching as I headed off the roof.





"...until she opened her eyes and smiled.

DO YOU LOVE ME?

I LOVE YOU.



DO YOU TRUST ME?

I TRUST YOU.

"I got her up, threw some things into a case, and fresh rounds into the pistol.

"We left, Gaff's words echoing in my mind: A SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER...BUT THEN, NO ONE DOES.



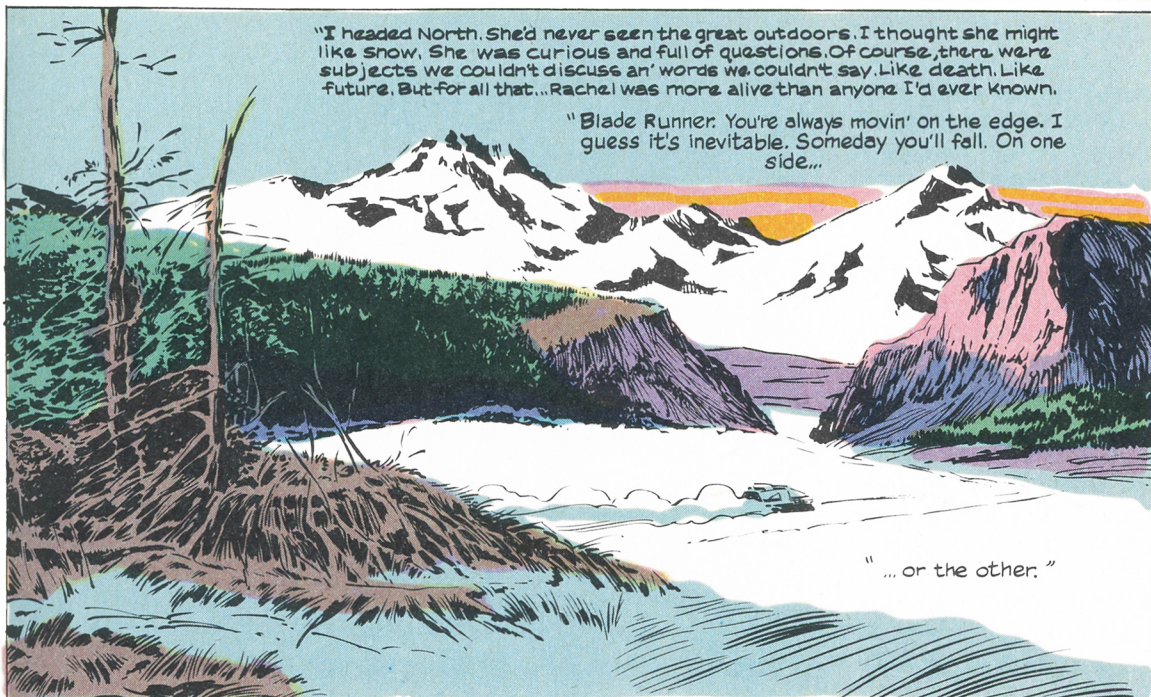
"She didn't say anything. And neither did I.

"Not even about the little foil-sculptured unicorn I found outside the door.

"Gaff's calling card..."



"...maybe his challenge?"



"I headed North. She'd never seen the great outdoors. I thought she might like snow. She was curious and full of questions. Of course, there were subjects we couldn't discuss an' words we couldn't say. Like death. Like future. But for all that...Rachel was more alive than anyone I'd ever known.

"Blade Runner. You're always movin' on the edge. I guess it's inevitable. Someday you'll fall. On one side..."

"...or the other."

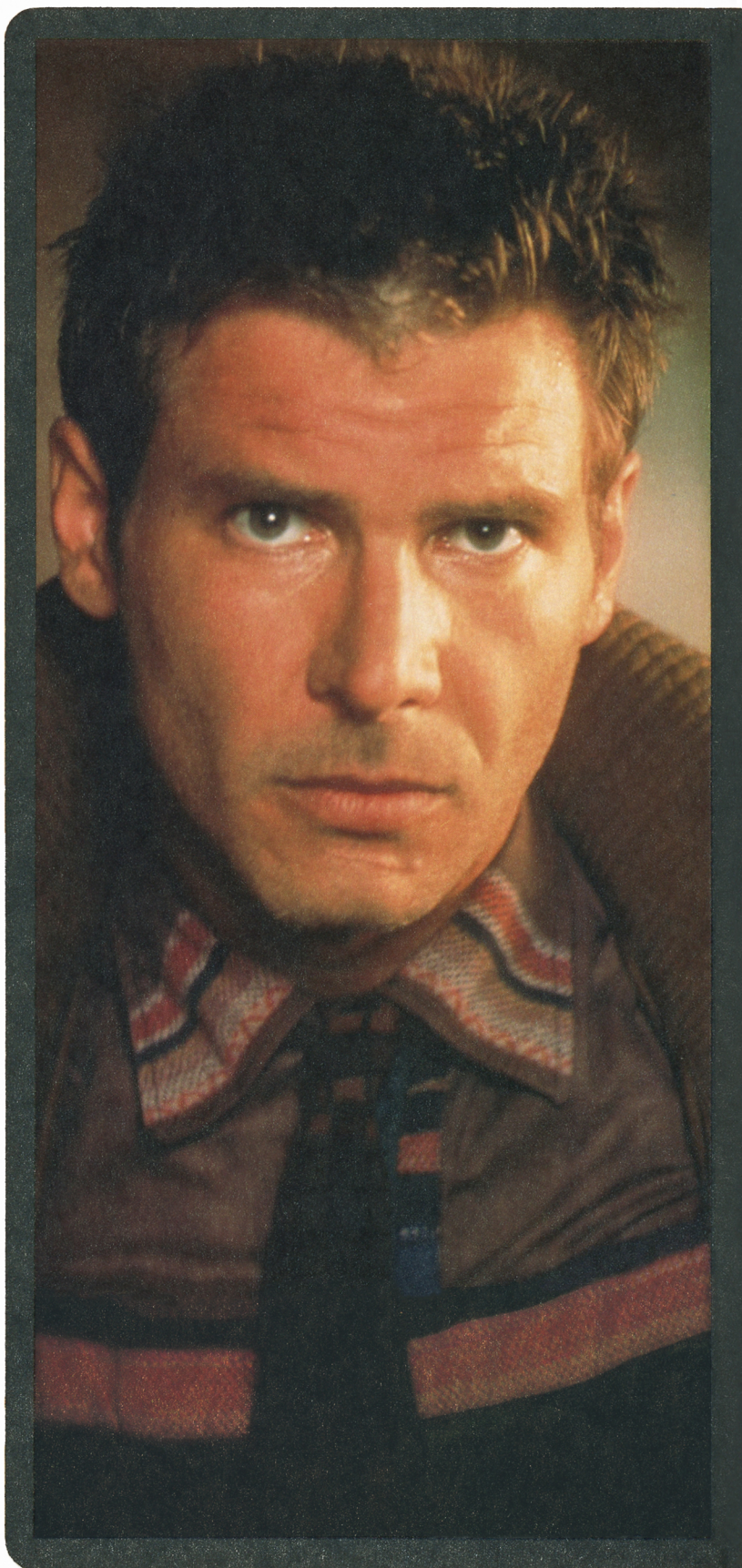
BLADE RUNNER

Cast Credits

Rick Deckard

HARRISON FORD

Born and raised in Chicago, Ford began his acting career with summer stock in Wisconsin. In 1963, he moved to California and won small parts in films and guest star spots on tv series such as *Gunsmoke* and *The F.B.I.*. His major break came with the role of Bob Falfa in *American Graffiti*. This began his well known association with George Lucas, for whom Ford created the role of Han Solo in *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, as well as Indiana Jones in 1981's most successful film, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.





Roy Batty
RUTGER HAUER

The top film actor of his native Holland, Hauer came to films after much acclaim in Dutch stage productions. He now has become an international star, recently appearing opposite Sylvester Stallone in *Nighthawks*. Hauer's other films include the award-winning *Soldier of Orange*, and the Oscar-nominated, *Turkish Delight*.



Rachel
SEAN YOUNG

A former model, Ms. Young was born in Kentucky, grew up in Cleveland, and attended the Interlaken Arts Academy in Michigan. *Blade Runner* provides her first major film role. She has also appeared in the hit comedy, *Stripes*, and made her film debut in *Jane Austen in New York*.



Cast Credits

continued

Gaff
**EDWARD JAMES
OLMOS**
Pris
DARYL HANNAH
Tyrell
JOE TURKEL
Leon
BRION JAMES
Bryant
M. EMMET WALSH
Sebastian
WILLIAM J. SANDERSON
Zhora
JOANNA CASSIDY
Holden
MORGAN PAULL
Chew
JAMES HONG

Production Credits

Director
RIDLEY SCOTT
Producer
MICHAEL DEELEY
Associate Producer
IVOR POWELL
Screenwriters
HAMPTON FANCHER
DAVID W. PEOPLES
based on the book by
PHILIP K. DICK
Visual Futurist
SYD MEAD
Special Visual Effects
DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Original Music
VANGELIS

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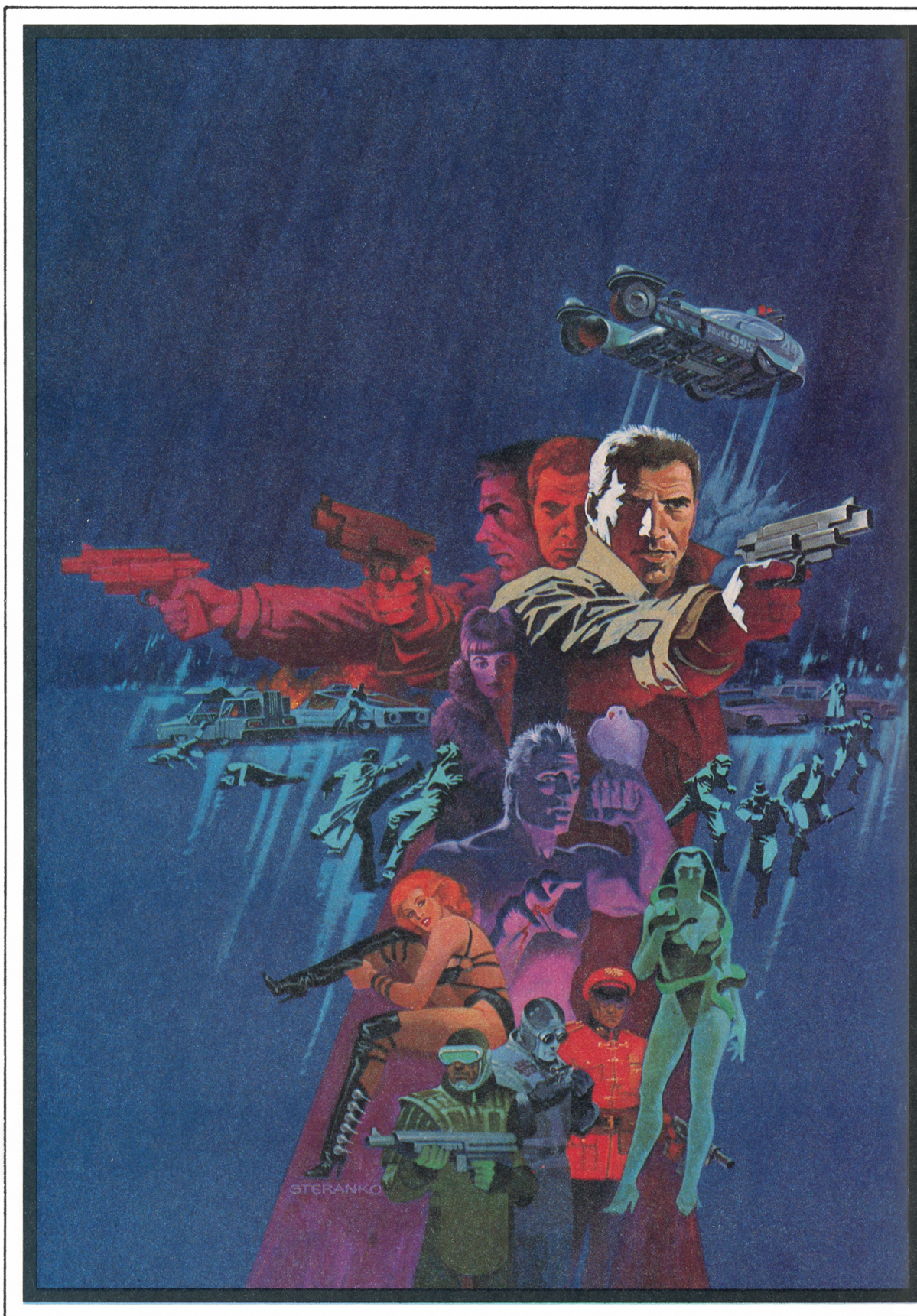
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BLADE RUNNER

Behind the Comics Adaptation

Translating a movie into the comics format takes a bit of doing. While the two forms share some similarities-- both use close ups, establishing shots, etc.-- one difference can't be ignored. Films move; comics don't. Unless you have unlimited pages, there is no way to even begin to duplicate the film experience. But, given the right talent, it is possible to convey the *feeling and flavor* contained in the original work.

That's what we set out to do with this magazine. And fortunately, we had the help of some of the finest talent in the comics field.

Cover

JIM STERANKO

Besides being the illustrator who did the pre-production paintings for *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, Steranko is editor/publisher of his own magazine, *Prevue*, has completed a comics adaptation of *Outland*, and, during his idle hours, is also an accomplished magician.

Artist

AL WILLIAMSON

Well known since the fifties for his contributions to the famous EC line of comics, Al is currently artist for the daily and Sunday *Star Wars* newspaper strip. Prior to that he drew the *Secret Agent*

Corrigan strip and the award-winning *Flash Gordon* comic book. More recently, Al did Marvel's *The Empire Strikes Back* movie adaptation as well as one for the *Flash Gordon* film.

Artist

CARLOS GARZON

An amazingly versatile artist, Carlos has handled comics characters as varied as *Daffy Duck* and *Flash Gordon*. Popular with many Marvel fans for his inking on *Ka-Zar the Savage*, Carlos was co-artist with Williamson on *The Empire Strikes Back* comic and works with Al on *Star Wars*.

Artists

DAN GREEN & RALPH REESE

These two artists did inking and finishing over Al and Carlos's pencil layouts for the last half of *Blade Runner* (excluding pages 30 & 31). Dan, inker of such Marvel titles as *The Avengers* and *Iron Man*, did some twenty pages and Ralph, a contributor to *Epic*, *National Lampoon*, and *Bizarre Adventures*, did five.

Writer

ARCHIE GOODWIN

When not busy being editorial director of Marvel's *Epic Illustrated*, Archie writes the *Star Wars* comic strip and occasional special projects such as this.

To the left, a second look at our cover, shown this time as it appeared when first given to us by artist *Jim Steranko*. before the title logo and cover blurbs were incorporated in it. On this page, bottom right, three of the *Blade Runner* comic team, writer *Archie Goodwin* (at desk) and artists *Al Williamson* and *Carlos Garzon* (standing); all looking as if they can't quite believe some three months work is at long last over.

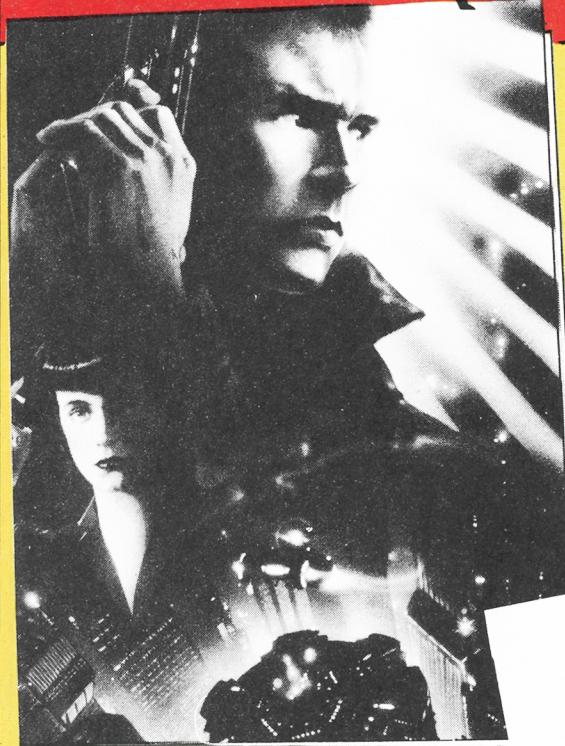


Photo by Eliot R. Brown

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Photo Section



BLADE RUNNER

a special
album
of scenes from
the new
science-fiction
film
thriller

Rick Deckard, *Blade Runner*. A highly specialized ex-police detective forced out of retirement to track down and terminate four murderous replicants.





The Blade Runner's world: the mean streets of the year 2019 (above).

Deckard and Rachel. Lovers. And perhaps hunter and prey.





Having found the female replicant, Zhora, in one of the vast city's seamiest sections, Deckard gives frantic pursuit after she breaks away from him, fighting his way through the bored, indifferent crowds that throng the area, scrambling over the stalled traffic.





Police headquarters. Arrested by Gaff, a disgusted Deckard is brought back to the place he used to work and thought he had escaped. Moving through the cavernous interior, he still believes he has some choice about what he will or won't be forced into doing. Meeting with his old boss, Bryant, he soon discovers an ex-Blade Runner has absolutely no choice at all.

One of many exotic and unusual characters caught in the cat-and-mouse game between the replicants and the man who pursues them is Chew, who works in the cold chamber designing eyes for the ultimate replicant, the Nexus Six (right).

Kill shot. Deckard takes aim to 'air out' the first of the replicants he hunts (below).





Final confrontation. In the crumbling, deserted building which served as the replicants' last refuge, the tables are suddenly turned and Deckard must climb for his life to escape Roy Batty, replicant warrior supreme.

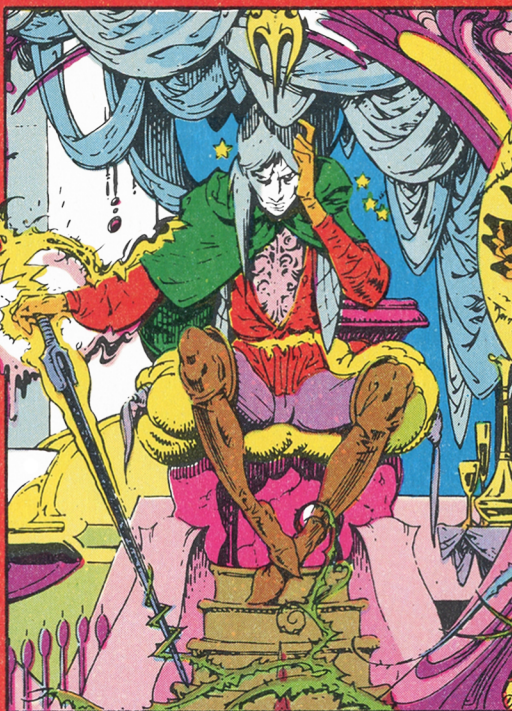
A leap for life fails. Countless levels above the rainswept streets, an injured Deckard dangles helplessly from a support beam, unable to pull himself to safety (right).



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of Melniboné



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